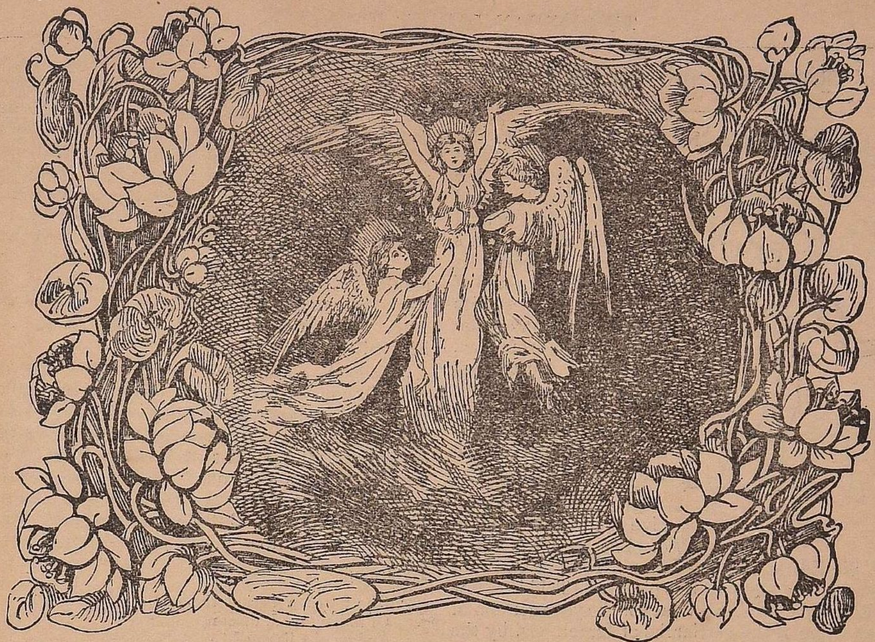

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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THE PREACHER'S WISDOM.

That which hath been is now,
  That which shall be has been ;
The mountain's steep and storm-scarred brow
  Once felt the wash of sea-waves green
  And shall again, I ween.

The lily very long ago
  Was some girl-saint, I wis,
Whose soul grew whiter far than snow
  With gazing on sweet mysteries
  Now hid with God in bliss.

That which is past, the Preacher said,
  God surely shall require ;
Spun smooth shall be the knotted thread ;
  The Temple's old and sacred fire
  Sunwards shall yet aspire.

The sparrows, that uncounted fall
  Of man, God hath in mind ;
There's nothing great and nothing small
  Outruns His thought or lags behind,
  His hope outstrips the wind.

His pity's deeper than the sea,
  That is one grave for many things ;
No roots of water-loving tree
  Strike further out in wanderings
  Than spread His mercies' wings.

He shall heal wounds that sting and fret
  Under the lids of granite tombs,
And He shall comfort snowdrops yet,
  Because their winter-coloured blooms
  Bear in their bosoms no perfumes.

That which hath been, and that which is,
  Blossoms unfolded, towers downcast,
Systems to be—all these are His,
  Alpha, Omega, first and last—
  Yea, He requireth what is past.

Paradise and the Peri.

FROM THOMAS MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

ONE of the sweetest and most poetical of Thomas Moore's beautiful poems is Lalla Rookh; and of the series of stories told in connection with this romance, one of the best stories, — though told in a lighter strain than the others,—is that of the Paradise and the Peri.

In our frontispiece we give the famous picture of *The Golden Stairs* by Sir Edward Burne Jones. I think many of us know the story of this picture. Told in a few brief words, it is this: Jacob, the younger son of Isaac, one of the patriarchs of Israel, has, by the aid of his more practical and shrewd nature, been enabled to worst his careless brother on more than one occasion. Esau in his good nature has allowed these matters to slide; but on the last occasion that Jacob defeats him, by gaining for himself the much-longed-for blessing from his beloved father, Esau is too full of wrath to be quiet and vows to kill his brother. So Jacob escapes to a strange land. But he is the beloved of God and is taken great care of on his journey. On one occasion, sleeping in the desert, with only a stone under his head, he dreams a wonderful dream. "And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold the Lord stood upon it, and said, 'I am the Lord.........the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it and to thy seed.'" This dream is the subject of the beautiful picture before us, angels ascending and descending the golden stairs with instruments of melody in their hands and to their lips. What a happy company they form! What peace ineffable, what joy, what heavenly hope shines in their eyes!

I think the golden Ladder is but a symbol of man's life on earth, of his hopes and his despair. Between us and our heavenly goal, there is the connecting link of the golden ladder of our lives, of its *ups and downs*, of its goodness and its sins. Sometimes the angels go up, sometimes down. But all the while, there is the heavenly hope of God's promise held out on high, all the while the ladder leads ever upward, all the while heavenly guides are ready to lead our erring feet. And yet we, poor mortals, always do not go up, but sometimes down. Our earthly natures weigh us down, instead of winging our feet with the lightness of heavenly aspiration. And yet the aspiration, the hope, is ever there, for human nature is formed to hope. Our ideals ever try to lead upwards, our thoughts ever try to mount the golden ladder. If we fail, our failure is the result, not of the ideals themselves, but of the weak instruments by which they reach upwards. And, when we fail, what despair is in our hearts!

Just such a despairing outcast from heaven was Thomas Moore's *Peri.* The beginning of the poem reminds us of Christ's parable of the ten virgins, where the careless virgins gaze disconsolately at the bliss of Heaven, from which they have been shut out forever: "Afterwards come also the other virgins, saying, 'Lord, Lord open to us.' But He answered and said, 'Verily I say unto you, I know you not.'"

Even so,

> "One morn, a Peri at the gate
> Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
> And as she listened to the Springs
> Of Life within, like music flowing,
> And caught the light upon her wings
> Through the half-open portal glowing,
> She wept to think her recreant race
> Should e'er have lost that glorious place!"

The joys of Heaven, as compared to those on earth, are described in glowing terms:

> "Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
> From world to luminous world, as far
> As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
> Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
> And multiply each through endless years,
> One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel at the gate hears the Peri weeping, and

> "A tear-drop glistened
> Within his eye-lids, like the spray
> From Eden's fountain, when it lies
> On the blue flower, which
> Blooms nowhere but in Paradise!"

The sinner is not altogether without hope:

> "Gently he said—'One hope is thine,
> 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
> The Peri yet may be forgiven
> Who brings to this Eternal Gate,
> The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!'"

So

> "Fleeter than the starry brands,
> Flung at night from angel hands,
> At those dark and daring sprites,
> Who would climb th' empyreal heights,—
> Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
> And hung hovering o'er our world's expanse."

But, what gift is she to bring to heaven? Not surely gold or rubies nor even the precious life's elixir. Heaven had enough and to spare of such things. The Peri flies to India, and the description of our beautiful land is so enticing that we must quote it:

"While thus she mused, her pinions fanned
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!"

But, alas! this beautiful land is overrun by fierce enemies and is running with blood. There are bitter sights everywhere; but, in the midst of it all, the Peri beholds something which warms her heart. A youthful warrior stands alone against his enemies with only one arrow in his hand. Life and rich rewards are offered him, if he betrays his country; but the young warrior disdains it all and aims his last shaft at his enemy's heart. The aim goes false and the undaunted youth is killed—a victim to Liberty! The Peri flies to heaven with the gift of the last drop of blood shed from his brave heart. Surely it would be welcome:

"Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

But alas! the gift, though sweet to heaven, is yet not enough to open its gates to her.

So the Peri flies away again. This time she goes to Africa:

"'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds;—
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved sun's awake;—
These ruined shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream."

But alas! even here, there is destruction. The plague strikes many down and the whole land is a pest-house. The Peri weeps pitying tears; and, at their fall,—oh wonderful result!—

"The air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly spirits weep for man."

Here also, in the midst of all the sorrow, she sees a redeeming sight. A youth is dying of the plague. He is deserted and alone. His thoughts fly to his betrothed bride, who is now safe in her father's hall. Would that he could see her once more! and yet his heart gives thanks because she is safe from the pestilence. But, behold! there is the maiden coming. She flies to her lover. He turns away his face, begs her to leave him; but the maiden clings to him. What is life worth to her without him?

"When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!"

Then the maiden also gets the plague, and both the youthful spirits are stricken and dead:

"Like two lovely saints they seemed
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping."

The Peri steals the farewell sigh of the dying girl and offers it to heaven; but even that is not enough.

This time the Peri flies to Syria's "land of roses:"

"Fair gardens, shining streams with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls;—
Gay lizards glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright,
As they were all alive with light;—
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine,—or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of Peristan!
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flowery vales;—
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!"

The Peri is full of despair; but soft! what does she see? A little rosy child playing with the flowers, and anon, tired with his play, nestling among the roses. Near the boy, a weary traveller dismounts to drink water from a stream near by. His face is seamed with the lines of fierce sins. His appearance is terrible; yet, lulled by the boy's play, he lies in peaceful silence watching the little one;

"Though still, whenever his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays."

But hark! there is the vesper call to prayer! The boy stops his play to kneel and utter a prayer, looking the while:

"Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain
And seeking for its home again!"

And what does the sin-hardened man do? His thoughts fly back to his own pure youth, now alas lost among the later life of sin and gloom.

" He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept;

He wept!

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sun-beam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!"

Then,

" There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:

And,

Well the enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!"

And so, the Peri bids joy to the fleeting joys of earth, and enters heaven:

" Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won!"

What was it that won the Peri the entrance to heaven?

" Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know."

"'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in!" said the Angel to the Peri. Repentance from sin is the only offering that Heaven accepts from us, not gold, or riches, or charity. Only repentance! but what a great deal is contained in that word! Childlike love and trust and faith; humility, prayer; and also watchfulness.

First, as Christ's teaching has it,

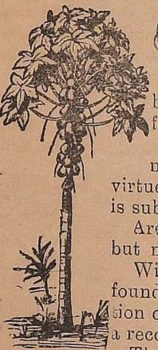
" Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

But man is frail; he will sin. What then? repentance alone can save us. To that, our hopes must turn, even as the Peri's eyes turned,

" For what is the happiness of earth, as
Compared to that of Heaven?"

NALINI.

The Power of Charm.



CHARM is one of the most subtle and at the same time most tangible qualities possessed by mankind. This reads like a paradox, but are not all truths paradoxes?

Its subtlety lies in the fact of our inability to define or express it, and its tangibility in the fact, that we can recognise it instantly in others, and never confound it with other qualities.

It is neither wit nor beauty nor virtue. Nor does it spring from accomplishments or abilities of any kind. We all know of persons possessed of every cardinal virtue under the sun and yet they may not possess the rare quality of Charm. It is subtle, unexpected, surprising. It is the antithesis of dulness.

Are there not, beautiful dull persons, clever dull persons, virtuous dull persons, but never charming dull persons?

Wide sympathies and a sense of the ludicrous are generally, but not invariably, found in those who possess this magic gift. The former implies an intuitive perception of things, as they appear from the outlook and standpoint of others, and the latter a recognition of situations outside our own power of contrivance.

Those who possess this quality live in an atmosphere of their own—a world apart. They appear happy, but not hilarious, content but not satisfied. Theirs is the ideal temperament. Expectancy burns within them and they are never taken by surprise.

Mme. Recamier is an instance of one who possessed great social charm. Sainte Beuve says:—

" In her little drawing-room at the Abbaye-aux-bois, she thought of everything, she cast her net of sympathy over all. There was not a talent, a virtue, a distinction, she was not anxious to know, to encourage, to treat kindly, to bring into notice, to place in relation and harmony with herself, to mark it at least with a little sign of her own . . . . . While addressing the most celebrated she did not neglect the most obscure, and she sought out the most miserable. The characteristic of Mme. Recamier's many-sided mind was to be at once universal and particular, to exclude nothing—what do I say? To attract everything and yet to make a choice."

Success is one of the goals towards which all men are striving. It is the outcome of Ability, and sometimes its attainment creates Virtue; but it never creates Charm, though Charm may and often does lead to success. It is not in fact the outcome of any especial gift or grace, but includes the essential element of all. It is temperamental—a gift from the gods, born not made, given not acquired. Its roots spring from something profounder than intellect, more inherent than virtue. It is the essence of an individuality that pleases. It is the power to reveal an individuality that attracts and fascinates others, spontaneous and unsuspected, possible only to the possessor.

As we have said before, *Charm is Temperamental*, but like other endowments, it needs special ground for development. An unhappy childhood, squalid surroundings, too much responsibility, and above all uncongenial companionship may and probably will destroy Charm. We all know how our moods vary with our company. How we sometimes feel dried up and extinguished, and at other times astonish ourselves with the ease and brilliancy of our conversation.

The influence of Thought is only now beginning to be acknowledged. It is a subtle and potent factor in shaping our lives. We are to some extent what others make us. The most forcible suggestions are not those made in spoken words, heard by our outward ears and judged by our reason, but those that work secretly and silently, sway our instincts and change our very being.

This, however, is a digression. Suffice it to say, that if Charm be met by unrecognition or indifference it will show itself no more. It must be nourished on high ideals and met by appreciation and responsiveness.

To quote from an American writer on the subject. She says:—"In so far as the individual possesses the ideal and the artistic temperament, the poetic and the imaginative, as distinguished from that which is merely æsthetic and clever, so far he possesses the magic gift of Charm. The practical and executive type of people may be and often are entitled to respect and consideration, but they are fatally lacking in the element that transcends all virtue and acquirements in its magic potency."

Again she says:—

"A little margin for the stillness and leisure for growth—the time to think is the only correction for the rush and strain of practical life."

The life of a certain type of persons, who subsist on public meetings, and spend their lives at committees, consultations in crowded atmospheres, and cast-iron work of that kind, is the least conducive to Charm. If any of them ever possessed any, and wish to retain it, they can only do so by allowing in their lives a fringe of leisure in which the colour and poetry of life can be imbibed.

I am not referring to the women whose work means daily bread, but to that large and leisured class who spend their time, in swelling audiences, forming insignificant units, dabbling in various schemes and never positively accomplishing anything. They rush from morning to night; their one aim, occupation, and their one fear, is to be left behind.

Schopenhauer has said of these:—

"Their intellect is nothing more than the means by which the motive power of the will is set into force, and whenever there is nothing particular to set the will into motion, it rests, and the intellect takes a holiday."

Mr. Mallock makes Charm synonymous with culture. He says, "What is meant by culture is seen in one on whom none of the finer flavours of life are lost; who can appreciate, sympathise with, criticise, all the scenes, situations, sayings or actions around him, a sad or happy love affair, a charm of manner or conversation, a beautiful sunset, or a social absurdity. . . . . I don't call a woman cultivated who bothers me at dinner first with discussing this book and then that—whose one perpetual question is, "Have you read so and so?" But I call a woman cultivated who responds, and who knows what I mean, as we pass naturally from subject to subject; who by a flash, or a softness in her eyes, by a slight gesture of the hand, by a sigh, by a flush of the cheek, makes me feel, as I talk of some lovely scene, that she too, could love it—as I speak of love or sorrow, makes me feel that she herself has known them; as I speak of ambition or ennui, or hope, or remorse, or loss of character, that all these are not mere names to her, but things. The aim of culture is to make the soul a musical instrument, which may yield music either to itself or to others at any impulse from without, and the more elaborate the culture, the richer and more complete the music.

The aim of culture is to make us better company, as men and women of the world . . . . A woman may have had all kinds of experience, society, sorrow, love, travel, remorse, distraction, and yet she may not be cultivated. *She may never have recognised what her life has been.* To turn this raw material into culture we must come to art, to poetry. Poetry is the developing solution of life. It is that magic mirror in which we see our life, surrounded with issues viewless to the common eye. The smell of autumn woods, the colour of dying fern, may turn by a subtle tran-

substantiation into forces and pleasures that will never come again—a red sunset, and a windy sea-shore into a last farewell and the regret of a lifetime. . . . . This is using poetry in its widest sense, as inclusive of all imaginative literature and other art as well."

We see that Mr. Mallock makes *culture* responsible for Charm. And it is just there that we differ from him. Culture must be based on knowledge; not knowledge gained through books and hard, dry facts, but through experience. The woman who has gone through "love, joy, sorrow, travel, remorse, etc., and has never recognised what her life has been," has not gained experience; she comes out of all these phases exactly as she went in.

Charm, on the other hand, is spontaneous: it springs from the innermost nature. It is the power to see, and to make others see, the world and the things thereof in a new and original light.

We have now distinguished between Charm and Culture. We must now distinguish between Charm and Fascination.

Although the former entails the latter, yet the converse is not true. Fascination is an Art, and can be used for bad ends, as well as good. It is the wicked element in Charm. It implies the domination of the fascinated, whereas Charm only attracts without subjugating.

Fascination carried to its furthest extent becomes Hypnotism. It covers a wide range of feelings, from the simple attraction of one being to another, to the mysterious force of Will—of mind over matter—which now plays so large a part in modern Science.

Fascination implies something stronger and more potent than Charm. It is a weapon in the hand of the possessor, to be used at will, or laid aside; not a spontaneous evanescence, as natural as breath itself. Becky Sharpe possessed fascination without real charm. Jane Eyre had it to a certain degree. Many positively ugly women have great powers of fascination. Rosamond Vincey and Dorothea Causabon are instances of Charm; the former with fascination, the latter without.

The *causes of Fascination* are hard to find. Leland, who has gone into the subject, declares that the eye has less to do with it than is popularly supposed. Taken by itself the eye is an unlovely object, and except for the contraction and dilation of the pupil, incapable of change or expression. It is the general setting, the droop of the eyelid, the smile, the sweep of lash and brow that give the effect. The *voice* is one of the most powerful factors in Fascination, also a subtle, indefinable essence, expressed perhaps, in a graceful turn, a certain carriage of the head, a peculiar gesture, and, above all, a conviction of latent power.

Sympathy is more allied to Charm than Fascination, for like Charm, it is a gift, born with the possessor. Yet a person may be widely sympathetic and possess no Charm. A sympathetic person may be dull and uninteresting: until roused by some demand upon their sympathy to show their real nature. Charm includes Sympathy, but Sympathy does not include Charm.

A sympathetic manner can, of course, be cultivated, but often the thoughts of the sympathiser are far away. This sham sympathy is often the accompaniment of Charm, and does well enough where mere words and not deeds are required.

Before concluding, I would like to say a few words about the relation of Wisdom to Charm, and its distinction from Knowledge. By Wisdom I mean that natural perception of the best way of doing things, the power of taking short cuts through life, that land the traveller at his goal long before the cautious pedestrian, who will only follow where others have gone first. It is a quality more often found in women than in men. It is intuition, a natural insight into the Why and Wherefore of things. The Wisdom of Solomon was of this kind.

Present-day tendencies are all against its development. Thought is becoming less and less independent. We form our opinions and judgments collectively, not individually, and rely on the newspapers and floating rumours in the air rather than on our own individual judgment. It is quicker, easier, and more likely to be correct. But, though it saves time and trouble, it is a mischievous tendency.

As the Unions for the Working man lower the Standard of Work, so this dependence upon others' judgment lowers the Standard of Thought. It breeds Conventionality, and destroys Charm.

M. C. SIDGWICK.

St. Peter's and the Vatican.

BY AN INDIAN VISITOR TO ROME.

THE picture we present to our readers on another page introduces them to those twin wonders of Rome, the Church of St. Peter's, the "Mother and Head of all the Churches" as it is called in ecclesiastical language, "mater et caput omnium ecclesiarum," and the Vatican Palace whence the Catholic world is ruled by the Supreme Pontiff. Yet the main interest of these piles of buildings to the ordinary visitor or tourist at this day lies not in their close connexion with the central Government of the Catholic Church, but in the fact that each of them is a veritable museum of high art such as is to be seen nowhere else in the world. Let us now inspect somewhat closely the various objects and groups of objects presented by the picture.

The Church of St. Peter, old and venerable as it is, is but the modern representative of a more ancient basilica built by the Emperor Constantine the Great (beginning of the fourth century), upon the still more ancient site of an oratory erected by the Christians of the first century on what was then known as the field of Nero, the identical spot on which St. Peter the Apostle was crucified. The pious pilgrim, therefore, who bends over the shrine believed to contain the earthly remains of St. Peter, which lie in a crypt or well directly under the great dome of St. Peter's, knows that few traditions are better attested than that of which St. Peter's is the living commemoration. The story of the building of the basilica of St. Peter's by Constantine the Great is one of the most beautiful of the early Christian traditions. It tells how "Constantine the Emperor, having returned from confession at the shrine of St. Peter, took the crown from his head, cast himself prostrate on the ground, and remained there sometime in prayer, mingled with tears and sobbings; then rising upon his feet and casting aside his imperial robe, took in his hand a double pronged fork and filled with the venerated soil the twelve baskets all of which he carried, each basket to the honour of one of the twelve Apostles, on his own shoulders."

For eleven centuries the basilica erected by Constantine continued to be a place of worship to the Christian world. About 1450 the edifice had been so dilapidated by age that Pope Nicholas V. resolved to rebuild it on a new and enlarged plan. It goes without saying that the best architectural talent which the Renaissance ever produced in Italy, including such names as Bramante, Raphael and the illustrious Michael Angelo, was employed in the construction of the new church. The building was not completed till 1612, the date which appears in the Latin inscription, which, with the help of a glass, may easily be read on the picture:—"In honorem Principis Apost. Paulus Borghesius Romanus, A. D. MDCXII Pont. VII" (*i.e.*, "To the honour of the Prince of the Apostles by Paul VII, Pope, of the Borghese family.) So vast is the space occupied by St. Peter's and the open place (known as the Piazza) in front of it, that it is difficult to give an idea of the whole by means of a picture or photograph without reducing to a very diminutive size the principal components of the group. The present picture adopts the alternative of setting out the church in bold relief, while it gives a very inadequate idea of the magnificent approach or Piazza. The reader, who must be familiar, from numerous drawings, with the oval piazza leading through a nearer approach, rectangular in shape, to the steps of St. Peter's, will have no difficulty in conceiving the grandeur of the whole foreground, more especially when he is told that its breadth is 784 feet and its length up to the steps of St. Peter's nearly 1,000 feet.

In the centre of the oval is a tall Egyptian obelisk, devoid of hieroglyphics and resting on four lions, its height from the ground being 131½ feet. This obelisk as it were introduces the visitor to the much greater heights of the building itself, the facade being 152 feet high, the great dome of St. Peter's designed by Michael Angelo 450 feet high, and the two smaller domes flanking the central one being each 191 feet high; the first effect, upon the eye as well as the mind, of these stupendous dimensions is that St. Peter's and its contents are much smaller than they really are, that the walls are no higher than those of a great European cathedral and its statues not more than life size etc. This deceptiveness of the first appearance of St. Peter's has been alternately blamed and admired by architectural critics.

On either side of the obelisk are two fountains with an unfailing supply of water from the Janiculan Hill, first brought to this place in the 16th century. The oval space as well as the

rectangular area, which together form the Piazza, are enclosed by a magnificent colonnade which is so broad that two carriages can pass each other under it. There are at the top of the colonnade 192 colossal statues, each 10 feet high, which represent various Saints of the Church Calendar. This splendid avenue of columns and pilasters serves, like the obelisk, to set off the greater breadth and height of the principal structure.

We now cross the stone pavement of the Piazza and ascend the steps of St. Peter's, being reminded, as we do so, of countless crowned heads of Europe, who, since the days of Charlemagne have ascended them on their knees, either in order to be crowned within the Basilica, as Charlemagne was, or simply to pray at the tomb of the Apostles. Poets may talk of the gilded dust, but the dust on these steps, trodden as they have been by the wealth and rank of sixteen centuries of Christianity, has been ennobled to such a degree that no other spot on earth can vie with it in preciousness of memory. One curious result of the visits paid by multitudes of pious pilgrims, that pass and repass under the colonnade and across the Piazza and up the venerable steps into St. Peter's, is to be found on the bronze of an ancient statue of the Prince of the Apostles, whose great left toe has been so worn by the kisses imprinted on it that it is actually shorter than the other toes.

From the steps we enter the portico guarded by five entrances, above each of which is a balcony. The central balcony is that from which the Pope blesses the crowds assembled below in Holy Week. The ceremony is one of the grandest at St. Peter's, because there may be seen from fifty to sixty thousand people waiting breathless for the Pope's appearance and ready to receive his blessing.

Besides the statues of Saint Peter and Paul which we see in the picture at either extremity of the flight of steps, there are two equestrian statues at either end of the portico and on the vestibule, the figures being those of Constantine the Great and Charlemagne.

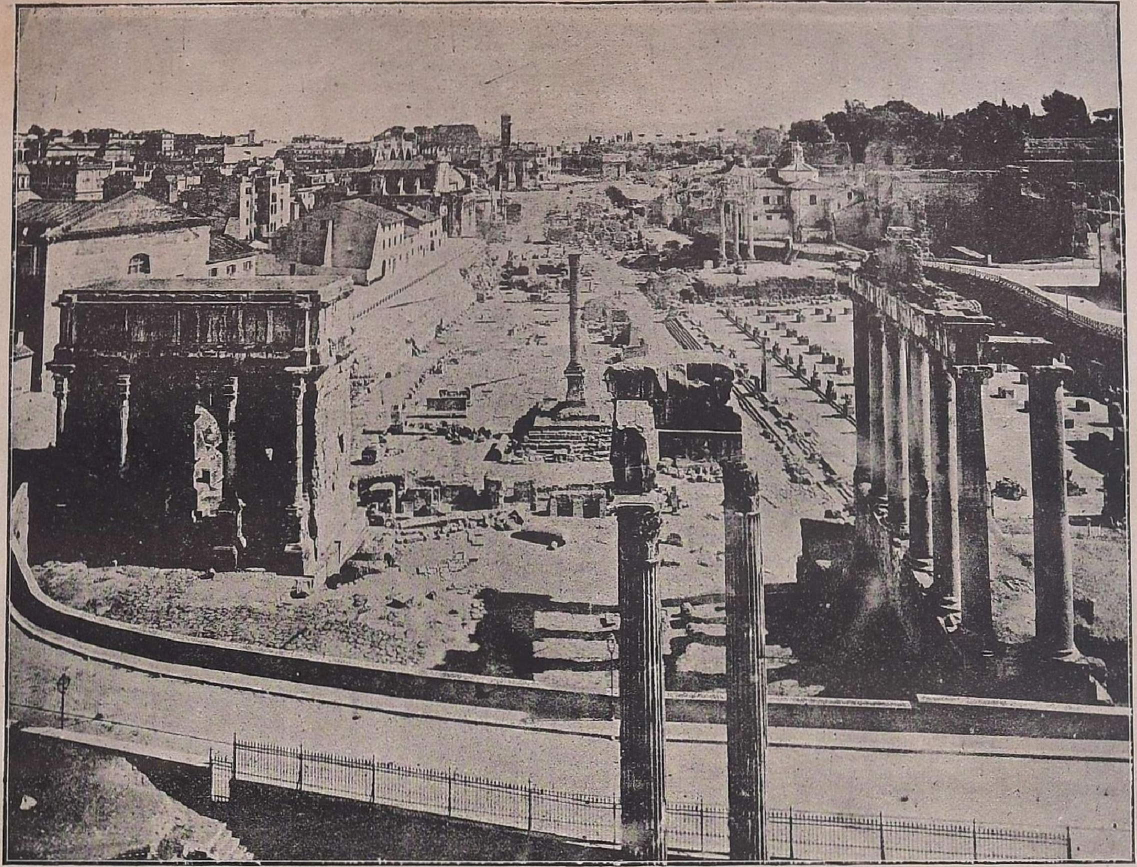
Of the five entrances to the Church itself corresponding to the five openings in the portico, that at the Northern extremity is called the *Porta Santa* and is kept closed except at Jubilee time (now once in twenty-five years), when it is opened on Christmas Eve by the Pope striking the entrance with a silver hammer which is the signal for the destruction of the masonry wherewith the entrance is blocked up. The Jubilee continues on each occasion from Christmas Eve to Christmas Eve. There is a marble record close by of the occasions when the Porta Santa was opened. The middle door of St. Peter's is opened only on festive occasions and the public enter every day at one of the flanking doors.

We have now learnt something of the details presented to view by the picture of St. Peter's, and we have only to add that there are [illegible] clocks at either end of the facade and betw[illegible] them are thirteen colossal statues, each 18½ feet in height, the central one representing the Saviour and six Apostles on each side of H[illegible]

As yet the reader has surveyed in imagi[illegible] the exterior of only one side of St. Peter's. [illegible] wonders await the eye that is privileged t[illegible] visit the interior! At every step is a colossal statue, or a vast mural painting in mosaic, or a splendid Sepulcral monument, all in the best style of the best Italian art. These works have been studied more attentively and by larger numb[illegible] of critics and artists than the productions collected in the Louvre or any other Gallery of Art. The guide books say that a complete catalogue of the contents of the Louvre is very difficult to procure and very expensive. The same might be said of the artistic treasures enshrined in colour or mosaic or marble both at St. Peter's and in the Vatican, with a few words regarding which we shall conclude this article.

The Vatican, so called from the Vatican Hill, one of the Seven Hills of Rome, upon which it is built, is now the sole residence of the Pope, although formerly it was only an alternative residence to St. John Lateran, another of the famous Churches in Rome. The Vatican Palace assumed its present proportions at the same time as St. Peter's and under the same influence, namely that of the Renaissance. The principal entrance, so far as the public is concerned, is at the northwest corner of the Piazza of St. Peter's, and is what would be called anywhere else a side entrance or even a back door passage. No sooner, however, has the visitor crossed this passage than he is introduced to the famous stair-cases of the Vatican, innumerable, endless in extent, leading to a city of rooms and apartments, of which there are said to be no less than 11,000 in this pile. The Catholic world of over 300 million souls is spiritually governed from the Vatican, and all the bureaux of the central administration with their presiding Chiefs, mostly Cardinals, are accommodated [illegible] addition to their offices and the apa[illegible] of the Pope himself and of his h[illegible]hold, are those famous galleries of art, the Pauline and Sixt[illegible] Chapels, the Vatican Library and Printing Press and numerous balconies, loggies, cortili all filled with the richest treasures of art in which the names of Michael Angelo and Raphael are of frequent occurrence. To see, study and properly appreciate these productions which spell truth, grace, beauty and might for all time, is the work not of a passing visit, or of a week's

ROME—ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL AND THE VATICAN.



ROME. A VISTA.

or a month's tour, but of a life-time. To the ordinary visitor it is easier to contemplate and mentally imbibe the historical rather than the artistic significance of the place. Gibbon tells us how the plan of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire flashed upon his giant mind as he heard monks singing vespers in what had been the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, the sacred office of registry, as it were, of Roman history, of Roman diplomacy, of Roman military triumphs and of all Roman achievements. Here, in the Vatican, we behold an institution which was born when the Roman Empire was at its zenith and which has survived the fall not only of the original Roman Empire, but of that shadow of it which, under the same name, held sway over Europe for eleven centuries. In this secular period of its existence, what births, unions and deaths it has witnessed, not of individual sovereigns, but of dynasties, of races, and of kingdoms and empires. Its own vicissitudes during all this time have been many and various: in fact to account them would be to unfold the tale of European history for sixteen centuries or more. Two such events have happened within the memory of many of our readers. Five and thirty years ago the Papacy seemed to be about to be engulfed in a fatal cataclysm, when the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was put an end to by what has been variously termed the vote of the People and the usurpation of the house of Sardinia. This cataclysm was the signal for undermining the political influence of the Vatican in the Courts of Europe, and Governments outside Italy have not been sparing in their efforts to crush that influence by high-handedness of every description, the latest act of this kind being the rupture by France of the Concordat with the Vatican. Momentous as these changes are in themselves, they pass like a *brutum fulmen* over the serene atmosphere of the House on the Vatican Hill. One of the greatest of the Popes is said to have received the alternate threats and blandishments of Napoleon Bonaparte with exclamations of "Tragedian! Comedian!" His language was but the expression of the sentiments which had animated his predecessors and has animated his successors at the Vatican, when in the presence of political danger. In short, nowhere else than at the Vatican does the student of history realize more forcibly the verity of the oft stated maxim that the Papacy, despite its temporal rise or fall, has been, is, and will be, one of the greatest of the living forces of the world.

Immortality.

THE human heart naturally recoils from the idea of utter destruction. It cannot bear the thought that it shall be as nothing, and "its place shall know it no more". Hence men have turned with joy to the teaching or the revelation that has told them of a life beyond the grave. For the Christian there is the Kingdom of Heaven. The Musulman dies happy in the thought of Paradise. The Hebrew knows that he will be with his God. The Hindu goes uncomplaining to Devlok, the home of the gods; or, with more abstract philosophy, returns, to be born again, to that eternal all-creating world, which aforetime bore his soul into form after form of earthly clay. The doubter trusts at least that his rest will be everlasting.

But what of them whom even these creeds will not satisfy? Modern science tells us that the cause that produced us is an endless succession of parents who have made us what we are. We too, then, can attain eternity by passing our souls into the bodies of our children. We shall die, but our children, our greater selves, shall remain; we will yet cheat death.

But hark the cry of the childless! "I was loveless, and did not mate." "My little ones death has taken. Am I to become nothing in the mighty world?" No, though we become as dust, though the life to come be a delusion of the priests, though we be unblest with offspring, we are immortal. Our deeds live after us, after the least of us. No history may record them, no grateful nation may remember them, no friend shed a tear for them, yet not an act, not a word, not a thought, has been wasted in the universe. The world is mighty, but it embraces the smallest, and in that great assay-house the least of our deeds has its value. As our lives, so our immortality. The wicked perish utterly, but their life after death is a train

of evil in the world that survives them. The good, though they be ne'er so wretched, live for ever, a grateful influence in eternity.

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in their dust."

Zenobia.

The Queen of Palmyra.

ZENOBIA—"The Queen of the East" as she has been called, is one of the most dramatic and fascinating characters of the latter days of the Roman Empire. In the dull, dreary chronicle of treason and murder, of insurrections and assassinations which become almost oppressive as we go on reading Gibbon's famous book, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," the virtues and graces of the Queen of Palmyra, her heroic valour and her personal charms,—the pathetic incidents of her life and captivity, afford, by the way of contrast, an intense and an exceedingly welcome relief. Although it has been generally taken for granted, that Zenobia was of Egypto-Macedonian origin, yet I am rather inclined to side with some early Christian writers who claim for her an Arab or Jewish descent. Gibbon describes the geographical situation of Palmyra in the following manner:—"Amid the barren deserts of Arabia a ew cultivated spots rise like islands out of the sandy ocean. Even the name of Tadmor or Palmyra, by its signification in the Syriac as well as in the Latin language, denoted the multitude of palm trees which afford shade and verdure to that temperate region. The air was pure, and the soil, watered by some invaluable springs, was capable of producing fruit as well as corn. A place possessed of such singular advantages, and situated at a convenient distance between the gulf of Persia and the Mediterranean, was soon frequented by the caravans which conveyed to the nations of Europe a considerable part of the rich commodities of India. Palmyra insensibly increased into an opulent and independent city, and connecting the Roman and the Parthian monarchies by the mutual benefits of commerce, was suffered to observe an humble neutrality, till at length after the victories of Trajan, the little republic sank into the bosom of Rome, and flourished more than one hundred and fifty years in the subordinate though honourable rank of a Colony. It was during that peaceful period, if we may judge from a few remaining inscriptions, that the wealthy Palmyrenians constructed those temples, palaces and porticos of Grecian architecture, whose ruins, scattered over an extent of several miles, have deserved the curiosity of our travellers."

Gibbon's sketch of Zenobia is quite famous: "Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of a dark complexion (for, in speaking of a lady these trifles become important). Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of Oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato under the tuition of the sublime Longinus. This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odænathus, who from a private station had raised himself to the dominion of the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war, Odænathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting, he pursued with ardour the wild beasts of the desert, lions, panthers, and bears; and the ardour of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of troops."

Does not the above quotation and especially the latter portion of it prove, that Zenobia was a true Bedouin of the desert? No doubt, modern European ladies also are fond of riding, walking, or hunting; but they usually prefer riding on quiet mares and make strolls or promenades into the country, or walk up a hill of modest elevation in the company of friends and relations who are always close by to offer their help when necessary, or even occasionally hunt after deer and such small and mild game which combines both poetry and excitement. But they seldom or never ride on horses as if they were born on horse-back, never march on foot for miles as if they were used to it from their very birth, nor delight in such "dangerous amusements" as pursuing lions, panthers, and bears of the wild Arab desert. If Zenobia

were ever painted on canvas, or carved in marble as a goddess, her symbol would be not a deer or a dove, but a lion or a panther like that of the goddess *Chamunda*, the patron goddess of Mysore. At all events, her face and features, her ways and habits, joined to the situation of the place of which she was the Queen, lead unmistakably to the conclusion, that she was of true Semitic, I mean, of pure Arab origin—a genuine and *bona fide* "Queen of the East," not merely in name and in fame, but also by birth and ancestry. For, is not her Latinised name, *Zenobia*, the same as the Arab, *Zeinab*, so familiar to those who have ever studied the life of *the Prophet of Islam?* It is difficult to ascertain the exact date in which Zenobia was born. The direct evidence, however, goes to shew that she must have been born sometime in the early forties of the third century after Christ, so that when we first come across her name in the pages of history,—in the early seventies of the self-same century—she was very probably about 30 years old,—an age when pretty women, it is said, are the prettiest and the most dangerous. It appears, that she had been married once before very early in life, but had lost her husband, by whom she had one or two children, so that when she met and married Odænathus, she was evidently a widow as Odænathus himself was also undoubtedly a widower.

It was during her first widowhood that Zenobia must have chiefly employed herself in learning Latin, Greek and other languages, in which she is reputed to have attained such rare excellence. In Greek especially, she is said to have acquired an amount of perfection seldom acquired even by man, so that she could appreciate with as much facility the poetical beauties of the blind poet of Troy as she was able to penetrate into the subtle dialectics of the *golden-mouthed* philosoper,—the Divine Plato of the Academy.

Thus born and thus bred, and thus finally married to the man of her own womanly choice, Zenobia now began to develope talents and capabilities, which had been hitherto lying dormant, as it were, in her and she soon became a true helpmeet and an ideal wife to her husband Odænathus. She not only shared her husband's recreations and amusements, but she took a very prominent part also in the deliberations of the Cabinet as well as in the councils of war. It was mainly to her prudence and valour, that Odænathus owed the victories in which he twice pursued the Great King Sapor I. of Persia to the gates of Ctesiphon on the banks of the Euphrates. But this ideal marriage,—this complete union of two hearts—and this perfect conjugal happiness, was of short duration. After a successful expedition against the Gothic plunderers of Asia, Odænathus was suddenly slain in the midst of a great entertainment by his nephew Maconius, in revenge for a personal affront in A. D. 267. Zenobia avenged the murder, and assumed the government as Regent for one of her surviving sons Vabalathus, and in nominal subjection to Gallienus, the Emperor of Rome. The vigour, prudence and success, the magnificence supported by strict economy with which she governed Syria and its dependencies for five years, extorted even the admiration of the Senate and the people of Rome, and above all, of the Emperor Claudius. He acknowledged her merits, and was content that, while he pursued the Gothic war, she should assert the dignity of the Empire in the East. "Instead of the little passions," says Gibbon, "which so frequently perplex a female reign, the steady administration of Zenobia was guided by the most judicious maxims of policy. If it was expedient to pardon she could calm her resentment; if it was necessary to punish, she could impose silence on the voice of pity. Her strict economy was accused of avarice; yet on every proper occasion she appeared magnificent and liberal. The conduct of Zenobia was, however, attended with some ambiguity; nor is it unlikely, that she had conceived the design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy. She blended with the popular manners of Roman princes, the stately pomp of the Courts of Asia, and extorted from her subjects the same adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus. She bestowed on her three sons a Latin education, and often showed them to the troops, adorned with the Imperial purple. For herself, she reserved the diadem with the splendid but doubtful title of the "Queen of the East."

How far back Zenobia had hatched the "design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy" which Gibbon alludes to, it is difficult to ascertain; but it evidently took a definite shape and form when, after the murder of her husband in A.D. 266—267, she became the Regent of the State, for her minor son Vabalathus. Coins have been found which give 266-267 as the first year of Vabalathus' reign. The times were unusually favourable for such a daring enterprise. The actual condition of the Roman Empire was too fearfully anarchic not to have given birth to such a design, in such a strong well-cultivated and patriotic mind as that of Zenobia undoubtedly was. In the course of a few years, no less than 19 usurpers (called by Pollio: *The Thirty Tyrants*), had assumed the imperial sceptre, and had vanished one after the other like the burning sandheaps of the desert of *Sahara*. War, famine and pestilence raged all over the empire, so that Alexandria alone counted no less than 5,000 victims a day of that dire epidemic which has

justly been regarded as the most dreaded of the Malthusian Trinity. Under these circumstances, was there anything to wonder or much to blame, if Zenobia had quietly resolved to shake off the shackles of Rome for good, and had actually been making secret but vigorous preparations for that final struggle which was to decide her absolute claim to be called the "Queen of the East?" In 271 A. D., Zenobia assumed the title of *Augusta* (Empress), and her son that of *Augustus* (Emperor); and further, two statues were erected in the very same year side by side of her deceased husband and of herself in which the former is styled as the "King of Kings and Restorer of the State." This was, of course, an open challenge, and had consequently to be openly rebuked. Aurelian, who had in the meantime succeeded Claudius, was a very different man, indeed, either from Aureolus, or Gallienus, or from any of those ephemeral tyrants that have already been alluded to. A born soldier of fortune, Aurelian combined in himself some of those high and austere virtues which reminded people of the first consuls of Rome. Born of a peasant family of the territory of Sirmium, this great soldier literally rose from the ranks to the highest military command, till the Emperor Claudius on his death-bed specially recommended him for his successor. In every station that he had ever occupied, Aurelian had distinguished himself by his matchless valour and by his rigid discipline even in the minutest details of war. Such was the Emperor, who, after having put an end to the Gothic war and chastised the Germans and humiliated Tetricus, the king of Gaul and Spain, passed over to Asia to destroy the proud monarchy which Zenobia had recently reared in the East on the ruins of an Empire fast sinking into a state of fearful anarchy and of disintegration.

The fate of the East was decided in two great battles, the one near Antioch, and the other near Emesa. In both, the Queen of Palmyra animated the armies by her presence and devolved the execution of her orders on her two generals, Zabdai and Zabbai, kinsmen of her husband, who had already signalised their military talents by the conquest of Egypt. After the defeat at Emesa, Zenobia found it impossible to collect a third army. She, therefore, sought safety within the walls that environed Palmyra, uttering the empty boast, that she would cease to live when she ceased to reign. (A. D. 272.)

After his military skill had been severely tried in carrying his army across the desert, amidst the incessant attacks of the Arabs with much loss of men and more of baggage, Aurelian was himself wounded while pressing the siege in person. His own account of his difficulties proves at once the greatness of the war and how his martial pride was galled by the resistance of a woman: "The Roman people speak with contempt," says Aurelian in an original letter, "of the war which I am waging with a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and of the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons. Every part of the wall is provided with two or three *balistæ* (ballista), and artificial fires are thrown from her military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage. Yet still I trust in the protecting deities of Rome, who have hitherto been favourable to all my undertakings." Doubtful, however, says Gibbon, of the protection of the gods, Aurelian judged it more prudent to offer terms of an advantageous capitulation; to the Queen, a splendid retreat, to the citizens, their ancient privileges. His proposals were obstinately rejected. The fact is, that Zenobia seems to have built her hopes of eventual success on a general rising of the Eastern princes against their arch-enemy of the West; but they perhaps preferred the destruction of their nearer foe. All hope of success from Persia was frustrated by the successive deaths of Sapor II, and his son, Hormisdas I, within about a year of each other, and the new King Varanes I (Behram), made active war against the Palmyrean Queen. Aurelian meanwhile got the resources of Syria under his command; and Zenobia who, in the early part of the siege, had refused his offers with insult, resolved to escape. Her swift dromedary carried her a distance of sixty miles to the banks of the Euphrates, but before she could find safety on the further side, she was overtaken by the light horse and brought back as a captive. Palmyra soon afterwards surrendered; and the emperor, secure in the completeness of his conquest, was content with carrying off its immense treasures to Emesa, leaving a garrison of only six hundred archers. The vengeance which spared the citizens fell on the heads of the Queen's advisers. When sternly questioned by Aurelian concerning the motive of her rebellion, she replied with a prudent mixture of respect as well as of firmness: "Because Sire, I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aureolus or a Gallienus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign." But, as female fortitude is commonly artificial, so it is seldom steady, or consistent, says Gibbon. The courage of Zenobia deserted her at the hour of trial. Her boldness exasperated the soldiers more than her deference moved their master. Alarmed by the clamours for her execution, she hastened to lay the whole burden upon her Councillors and especially on Longinus, the distinguished Greek critic and philosopher, who had been her tutor, and who was one of her ministers. The philosopher might console himself that he has

nobly earned the awful fate of a martyred patriot, but his execution with many other nobles of Palmyra is an indelible blot on Aurelian's renown. "The fame of Longinus" says Gibbon "will survive that of the Queen who betrayed, or the tyrant who condemned him. Genius and learning were incapable of moving a fierce and unlettered soldier, but they had served to elevate and harmonise the soul of Longinus. Without uttering a complaint, he calmly followed the executioner, pitying his unhappy mistress, and bestowing comfort on his afflicted friends."

Still more terrible was the final fate which Palmyra provoked by its rebellion. The Emperor had already crossed the Bosphorus when he received the news, that the Palmyrenians had risen and put the Roman garrison to death. Returning by forced marches, Aurelian sentenced soldiers, old women, children and peasants to one common massacre. The miserable remnant were permitted to rebuild their city, if they could, around the splendid temple of the Sun which Aurelian prided himself on restoring. But it is far easier to destroy than to restore. The seat of commerce, of arts and of Zenobia, gradually sank into an obscure town, a trifling fortress, and, at length, a miserable village which is now almost lost amidst the columns of a once magnificent temple,—the village, the very Roman origin of which has now been forgotten in the restored *Hebrew name of Tadmor*. The fate of Zenobia was, however, hardly less unfortunate than that of the city with which her memory has been imperishably associated. The "Queen of the East" formed the most striking as well as the most pathetic figure in that magnificent triumph which Aurelian celebrated after his return to Rome, in A. D. 274.

"The beauteous figure of Zenobia" says Gibbon, "was confined by fetters of gold; a slave supported the golden chain which encircled her neck, and she almost fainted under the intolerable weight of jewels. She preceded on foot the magnificent chariot in which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome. It was followed by two other chariots still more sumptuous, of Odænathus and of the Persian monarch. The triumphal car of Aurelian was drawn on this memorable occasion either by four stags or four elephants. The most illustrious of the Senate, the people and the army closed the solemn procession."

The conqueror, however, treated his fair captive with a generous clemency seldom exercised by his predecessors. He presented her with an elegant villa at Tibur or Tivoli about 20 miles from the capital. The illustrious "Queen of the East" gradually sank into a Roman matron; her daughters were married into noble families and her race was not yet extinct in the fifth century.

Zenobia has been frequently compared to Semiramis and to Cleopatra. The one is too fabulous, and the other too voluptuous, to be brought into any comparison with the historic personality of the Queen of Palmyra, noted for her chaste and almost austere virtues. In her love of studies, especially of Plato, she, no doubt, resembles the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey of England, but there the resemblance ends. In her capacity for administrative affairs she strongly reminds us of the Queen Elizabeth of England and the Empress Catherine of Russia, though far excelling both the "Semiramis of the North" and the "Maiden Queen" of Great Britain, in feminine charms and in all womanly virtues. In her physical loveliness, her intellectual equipment and in her moral character, she is, in some respects, very similar to the Empress Nurjehan—"The Light of the World"—the wife and consort of the Moghul Emperor Jehangir. But it appears to me, that the woman, the widow and the Queen, whom Zenobia most resembles in beauty, mind and character as well as in the checkered fortunes of her whole career, is the Chand Beebee, the "Noble Queen" of Bijapore, whose deeds have been so graphically sketched by Meadows Taylor in one of his most well-known historical romances. To this day, the memory of the "Noble Queen" of Beejapore is fondly cherished by the Hindu and the Mahomedan peasantry alike of Southern India. And the story of her virtues, of her valour and of her tragic fate is still chanted in a mournful and monotous drawl by the patient *Kunbi*, as he drives his plough in the field, or by the drowsy cartman, as, having emptied his load, he wends his way homewards back to his wife and children. Zenobia and Chand Beebee look, in fact, like twin sisters in the pages of history.

The Bee.

EVERYWHERE we see innumerable instances of the benevolent care displayed by Divine Providence in the sustenance, protection and well-being of the thousand and one objects of creation around us. Not only in the vast works of creation, but also in the minute organisms existing all around, we see the same amount of Divine care and forethought exercised, the same amount of infinite wisdom, of wonderful skill, of boundless

goodness. The small insects of the world are as much God's care, as that wonderful creation, man. Hence, a study, occasionally, of the character and methods of insects and of such little animals, will well repay us. Among the numerous examples of remarkable creation among these little creatures, there is none so wonderful as the bee. From early times great attention has been paid to a study of the habits of the bee. In modern times especially it has become the subject of the close observation and researches of eminent naturalists. A short account then of the bee can easily be given:

Bees are classified into different classes according to the habitations they build themselves. There are bees called *clothiers*, so called from their curious habit of swathing up their pupa (eggs) in a kind of warm blanket, with which they line the cells, which they excavate in a bank of dry earth, in the cavity of a mud wall, or in the branch of a tree. Another class of bees has acquired the name of *carpenters*, from the manner in which they carve out their nest in wood-work. There are the *mason* bees, which build their nests in a sort of artificial stone. There are the *upholsterer* bees, which hang their nests in the earth with a splendid coating of flowers. There are *leaf cutters*, which hang their nests in the same way with leaves. But the most admirable species of bee is the hive-bee. A bee-hive is like a miniature city. The most wonderful architectural and mechanical skill is displayed in its construction. We see there regular streets and symmetrical houses, built on the most exact geometrical principles. In fact a honey-comb is still a miracle to human beings.

The formation of a bee is on the whole like the general formation of all insects. The body consists of a series of annular segments, so joined to one another as to be flexible. It consists of three chief parts, the head, the thorax and the abdomen. The head consists of one segment, the thorax of three, the abdomen sometimes of nine. Each segment has two parts, one the ventral or inferior, the other the dorsal or superior part. A pair of members called *antennæ* are inserted in the sides of the head. In the bee, these have the form of thin and flexible horns. They are organs of great importance and sensitiveness. They are not only organs of feeling—hence being called by the name of *feelers*—but, it is by their means, by signs, gestures and mutual contact of them that bees communicate with each other. In the head also are the chief parts of the mouth, the *tongue*, the *jaws*, the *lips* and the *throat*. The tongue, which is invested in a sheath, is the instrument by which the bee extracts nectar from the flower. In the tongue also is a sort of bag in which the nectar is stored before being transferred to the throat. The bee has three pairs of legs, which are inserted in the inferior parts of the thorax. These legs are composed of several joints; the lower joints of the two under-pairs form brushes, which sweep up the farina or flour-dust, and deposit it in a pair of spoon-shaped baskets which are attached to the hindmost pair of legs. Each foot again terminates in two hooks, by which the insects can suspend themselves to any surface. In the middle of each hook is the sucker, which is like a little flexible cup, by means of which the bee is enabled to walk on surfaces with its body downwards. Attached to the thorax are also two pairs of wings. Insects are classified according their wings; and the flying apparatus of the bee exceeds in power that of the swiftest of birds.

In the abdomen is the first stomach or honey-bag, the true stomach, the intestines and the sting and the venom-apparatus, which last is in the tail and consists of two darts at the end of a sheath, through which the drop of venom is ejected.

The hive-bee, as naturalists say, belongs to the "perfect societies of insects." Each community of the hive-bee consists of three orders of individuals, distinguished by their number, organization and the respective share they take in the work of their society. The first order comprises only one individual, the Queen, who is the sovereign. There is only one queen for a whole hive, which may contain 50,000 bees. Her body is longer than that of any of her subjects. She is distinguished by her colour, her form and her majestic gait. She lives from five to six years. Then there are the males or drones, which are smaller than the queen and longer than the workers. They take no part in the work of the community, are idle and cowardly and have no sting. They are allowed to live only a few months. Lastly there are the workers, who do all the work, and are the smallest members of the society. On the second day of her life the queen chooses a suitor out of the many drones, and is—to use a human simile—married to him. And, though her consort is never allowed to live beyond that day, the queen always remains faithful to him. During six or eight weeks she constantly lays eggs, and indeed the prodigious productiveness of the queen is remarkable, being about 12,000 eggs in the short interval of two months. Then there is a cessation and on the return of spring again she begins to lay. It is the queen who stocks the whole of the hive, and it is remarkable that she lays different kinds of eggs at different times. First are laid the eggs from which working bees are destined to issue. Then are laid the eggs from which drones issue, then a small number of royal eggs, out of which

are hatched princesses, each of which is destined to become the queen of an emigrant swarm into a new hive, never the queen of the old hive itself, unless the reigning queen dies.

It is remarkable that, before the eggs are laid, chambers are prepared for each egg, different kinds of chambers being prepared for the different kinds of eggs. The tender foresight displayed by these insects towards their offspring is remarkable; but it is noticeable that neither the queen nor the drones take care of their young. Only the workers do the work. First the chambers are prepared. Then the *bee-bread*, which is prepared from the pollen of flowers, is collected and is carefully stocked in each cell, after being converted into a sort of jelly by being swallowed by the bee, mixed with its honey, and brought up again. It is remarkable that this food is of different kinds according to the ages of the young bees, and according to the kind to which they belong, princesses, drones or workers. Each has its own kind of bread. After everything is prepared, the queen lays one egg in each cell. If more than one is laid in each cell, the extra eggs are destroyed. The moment the young brood issue from the eggs in the state of larvæ, they are fed with the bee-bread, by a class of workers called *nurses*. Then, when the larvæ have attained their full growth, each cell is sealed up with the larvæ inside enclosed with a woven lid. Immediately, the larva, which is a white grub, commences like the silk-worm, to spin a cocoon. It lines the cell and encases its own body in a white silken robe. Then a wonderful thing happens. It is necessary that a certain temperature should be maintained. To secure this object, the workers collect upon the cocoon in cold weather and at nights, and brood over them. Then, when the time comes, they help the little bee inside, by splitting the cocoon, which then is closely attached as a lining to the inner surface of the cell. Then the *nymph*, as it is called, emerges as a perfect-grown bee. It is well-fed and brushed by the nurses, is sometimes allowed to pass a few days in the cell, and every care is taken by the tender foster-mothers to give it a happy entrance into the world.

The construction of a honey-comb, which is, to outward appearance, a flattish cake with parallel surfaces, is constructed on the most strict geometrical principles. It is a combination of hexagonal tubes placed beside each other, the angles of the hexagon being fitted into each other like the stones of a mosaic pavement. The material of the combs is *wax*, a substance secreted beneath the inferior segments of the body. The apparatus, by which it is made, consists of four pairs of membranous bags, into which the substance from which the wax is made, is separated from the food into the stomach. In these the wax is formed in thin layers, which appear under the abdomen. The operation of constructing the comb is commenced by the *wax-makers*, who suspend themselves one to another in a long cluster line and begin to secrete wax. When this is done, one bee separates itself from the cluster and passes to the roof of the hive, where it proceeds to lay the foundation by rolling a layer of wax into a thin ribbon, by means of carefully kneading it with a frothy liquor which issues from its tongue. She then causes the wax to adhere to the walls of the hive, and when all her store is finished gives place to another bee. Thus a rough wall of about half an inch long is constructed. Then the *nurses*, who are the real artisans, begin to work by making pyramidal cavities for the base of the cells. They constantly relieve each other and polish and give the cells a high finish. It is to be noticed that, to make the geometrical figure complete, the cells are made in double layers, the bases of each line being placed in contact with each other. It is to be noticed also that there are different kinds of cells for the different classes of individuals. The comb is placed vertically in the hive; separate combs are made in the same hive, hanging parallel to one another.

The manners and habits of the bees are worth studying. It is wonderful to see how they help each other. If a worker does a part of the wall wrong, the succeeding worker immediately corrects the error. The maternal solicitude of the nurses is also very noticeable. They take any amount of trouble to guard the larvæ from the other workers, who wish to devour the eggs. When the cell becomes too small for the larva as, it grows and consequently begins to split, the nurses immediately repair the breaches. To help the larva in the cocoon to grow well, they try to keep up the temperature by sitting on the cocoons and increase their own respiration to make themselves warm. When more than one egg is laid in a cell by the queen, the surplus eggs are immediately destroyed by the attendants. That no space may be lost, and yet that sufficient room may be left for the movements of the workers, the open spaces between the parallel combs just leave space for two bees to easily pass each other. Cross alleys are also provided to abridge journeys. The worker bees help each other by division of labour in the most methodical fashion. Some bring the nectar from the flowers, some carry it from cell to cell, some convert it into wax, some build it into walls, and so on.

When the population of a hive is too numerous, emigrant swarms issue forth and repair to new hives. The first swarm has to be led by the regnant queen of the old hive. The suc-

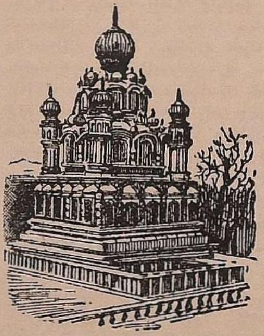
ceeding swarms are led by the royal daughters of the reigning queen, and the former in turn stock the new hive. In the meanwhile, the old hive is left without a queen. The new queenhood is then deputed to the first royal princess who issues as a perfect royal bee from the cocoon. But the jealousy of a queen is such that no sooner has the new queen ascended the throne, than she immediately puts to death her rival princesses. She repairs to each cell and kills the royal member by stinging it. The workers wait round and, as soon as a bee is killed, carry away the body. If a new rival queen enters the hive from outside, fierce and fell is the fight which the reigning queen wages against it; and many and amusing have been the battles witnessed by naturalists. The gates of the hive are closely guarded by guards, who relieve each other regularly. These carefully examine, both with their eyes and their antennæ, all intruders; and, if a rival queen presents itself, they immediately surround it and keep it a prisoner till it dies of starvation. If the sovereign of the hive is accidentally removed, the population seem at first unaware of their loss. But, after a while, they become aware of it, and all work ceases and great confusion prevails. If a new queen is introduced, they will not accept her till after a trial of a few hours. When they do accept her, the ceremony is impressive and amusing. Groups after groups approach the queen, touch her with their antennæ, pass their probosces over her and present her with honey. On retiring, each group clap their wings and range themselves in a circle round her, each succeeding groups falling into lines one behind the other. Occasionally the bees in the circle clap their wings and flutter with self-gratification, but without any disorder. Then the queen begins to move, and a regular path is opened for her, the bees lining each side, like military bodies in a state procession. Thus the queen is accepted. There are many instances of the utmost loyalty and fidelity of the bee-subjects to their queen. If the queen is in any trouble, they will not desert her. They will give their lives for her, and she will give hers for them.

Sometimes when a colony loses its queen, there are no royal princesses to fill up the vacancy and no royal eggs either. A curious thing then happens. Royal cells are constructed, into which worker eggs are put and fed, not with the ordinary workers' bee-bread, but with the bee-bread prepared for the royal eggs. The cells also are enlarged, so as to give the bee more room. But it is interesting to note that, not only must the cell be enlarged, but that it must be given a vertical, instead of a horizontal axis. Once in a year a general massacre of the drones, which are the useless members, takes place.

The substances which the bee takes from flowers, and indeed from all sweet substances it can get hold of, are *nectar*, *pollen*, and *proprolis*. From nectar, honey and wax are made. From pollen, the bee-bread is prepared. From propolis, a sort of cement or mortar for architecture is made. Different cells are prepared as store-rooms or provision rooms, in which the surplus stores are stored. When the bees are returning laden with their spoil, they fly straight back to the hive, though they may have wandered hither and thither beforehand. Bees are remarkable for their neatness and cleanliness. Regularly they remove all dirt from their hives. The nature of their senses is sensitive in the extreme. Sight, touch, smell and taste, are supposed to belong to them, as seen from several experiments. Especially are the senses of touch and sight and smell much developed in them. Their memory also is tenacious. They seem to have the sense of hearing also.

Bees have many enemies, the chief of which are the death's-head moth, the wasp and the hornet. When the door of the hive is a large one, the bees raise a wall across the gate of their city, with openings in it just large enough for two bees to pass each other. Bees also have peculiar personal antipathies. They are also provoked against their best friends by occasional circumstances. Very often they wage against one another in armies, and then the fight is fierce and long.

Individual Responsibility.



ONCE I remember standing alone on a summit. The immense vault of Heaven was above me. Gaunt masses of clouds were silently flying through space. The wind rose from the valleys like an invisible spectre and I could feel its weird touch all about me. It was but a little while that I was separated from my friends and yet the sense of my loneliness,—one small atom amid all the surrounding grandeur of nature's beauty,—seemed to beat on me and strike me dumb with misery. So it is with life. We live among our fellow-men, with our loved ones,

sharing between us our daily pursuits, occupations and labours; but after all, we are each of us alone, each a unit; the great human combat must be fought alone and "each human soul must be single."

Each individual life, though responsible for itself, is yet not to pass in silence through this life. Each must strive to make the melody of his life to unite with that of the others in harmony, until the music of life grows richer and richer and at last in one triumphant swell unites with the choir of holy angels. But often and often the music of each life is set to a sad measure, to a melody that has more of tears than of laughter in it; and it is only the strength of character, the sureness and intensity of faith, and the power of will of the individual that, for the sake of others, transforms the jarring discords of our human lot into sweet music. To many, life is a safe and sure path, hedged in by summer roses, but even to them come moments of grief, doubt and despair, which shake the soul to its very foundations and make the ideals of life to totter and fall, unless the strong hand of faith and trust in the will of a good God upholds and supports them. The poet tells us that "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought," and we know from experience that lives, which have felt the heavy fire of afflictions, but have risen stronger, brighter and purer from the ashes, are those which have the strongest influence for good on the world, and it is only such lives that are the models of nations.

* * * *

At times I have felt my responsibility too great for me. The prospect appeared gloomy. I felt as if "Alone, I had walked the peopled city, where each is happy with his own"; no ray of sympathy lightened my path. I was not in touch with the people around me. Life was very unhappy. But, if I let my gaze wander away from the crowded thoroughfares to the green stretches beyond, everything seemed very joyous. The world was very beautiful. The blue sky, the green meadows, the bright sunshine, the laughing flowers and the dancing streamlets spoke of hope and peace. At such times, their message of hope and happiness again came to my heart and I felt, that, if I looked with eyes of love into the crowded thoroughfares again, I could find beauty, more touching and more divine in the world of human lives around me. The fault was in myself, in the on-looker. I had allowed my selfish sorrows to fill my heart and to blind my eyes, till I could see nothing beyond myself: was this the way to bear my responsibility?

"God bends from out of the deep and says—
'I gave thee the great gift of Life;
Wast thou not called in many ways?
Are not My earth and heaven at strife?
I gave thee of My seed to sow—
Bringest thou Me My hundred-fold?'
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, 'Father, here is gold?'

. . . .

Recently, I was reading a novel which stirred curious thoughts within me. It described the life of a clever doctor, one who was blessed with the gift of healing to an extraordinary degree. He himself had in his youth been sorely tried with affliction. His beloved, suffering from an inherited disease, had committed suicide in an agony of pain; and from that moment this doctor had waged a fierce and resolute combat against pain. But it did not rest there. He held strong views about the implacability of the law of heredity. When he discovered that any of his patients came of a tainted family, though they themselves showed no signs of the taint, yet believing that such individuals would but increase the amount of pain in the world, he gave them a queer, undiscoverable poison, which brought about a painless and, to all appearance, a natural, death. The extremity of his views caused him to do murder. But how dare a man interfere between the soul and its Maker? How can he take the law into his own hands and change the order of God's government? This shows only the littleness of man's thought and judgment, that after all sees only a little way into things. But this novel brought vividly before my mind the greatness of our responsibility. From day to day we live our lives, heedless of our actions; but we are not to escape so lightly. We leave behind us lasting records in the shape of human lives, with the germs of goodness or wickedness latent in them and ready to burst into fruit at the slightest sign of encouragement from the environment around. Does not the intellectuality of a people depend to some extent upon the ages of intellectual effort and enlightenment of its ancestors? Even so with moral nature. But we live our lives carelessly, with no thought for the morrow, and thus perhaps increase the amount of pain and anguish that is already too great a portion of humanity. Besides this we are responsible for the life we lead in the present. A great man has said that "the character of a generation is moulded by personal character." Is not this true; personal character must be moulded and developed by each man for himself. Also, if we look around we see that in the words of Mrs. Browning:—

"All society
Howe'er unequal, monstrous, crazed and cursed,
Is but the expression of men's single lives,—
The loud sum of the silent hints!"

And yet, the thought, that each man *must* stand for himself, is very saddening in one way. In the case of our loved ones, how agonising it is to feel that we cannot lift one little finger to relieve them of their sufferings, sorrows or trials. We can only sympathise, only wipe the outside tears, but the anguish of the soul, can that be lightened even by a hair-breadth? We would do so much for them, oh, so willingly and so joyfully and lovingly, but it is denied us, and our thoughts beat back upon us, and we are dumb with soul-stricken anguish. We are constrained to realise that "no man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him"—, and we each have to realize that we must fight our battles alone, and that the great and lonely pathway of life must be trodden *alone*. I cannot but quote a small poem of Mrs. Browning's here:—The lines are so very beautiful. Their anguished cry pierces the very heart, but the note of strong faith in God teaches us where to look for strength:—

"Can I bless thee, my belovèd—can I bless thee?
What blessing word can I
From mine own tears keep dry?
What flowers grow in my field wherewith to dress thee?
My good reverts to ill;
My calmnesses would move thee,
My softnesses would prick thee,
My bindings up would break thee,
My crownings curse and kill—
Alas! I can but love thee!
May God bless thee, my belovèd!—May God bless thee!

Can I love thee, my belovèd, can I love thee?
And is *this* live love, to stand
With no help in my hand?
When strong as death I fain would watch above thee—
My love kiss can deny
No tear that falls beneath it:
Mine oath of love can swear thee
From no ill that comes near thee:
And thou diest while I breathe it,
And *I*—I can but die!
May God love thee, my belovèd!—May God love thee!

It is the anguished cry of the mother for her innocent little babe, the heart-broken cry of the lover for his beloved, and there is no articulate answer, but only that, which echoes from the beginning of the world through all ages—the answer of the infinite, tender love of the Father for his children, the love which sees all, which comprehends all and is over all.

S. R.

Lac d' Amour.

It was a glorious July day on the Gorner Grat, and before us was spread out the most splendid panorama in Europe. At our feet the Great Gorner Glacier hand-in-hand with its six snow sisters; around us—each seeming to vie with the other in imposing grandeur—the snow-peaked Breithorn and Weishorn, the rocky Rimfischorn, and the perilously inaccessible Gäbelhorn; towering above them all, like some mighty suzerain amid his sovereign vassals, the stupendously majestic Matterhorn. Beautiful indeed, but to the discerning eye not yet the heart of beauty. And to Eileen it had been given to possess, besides beauty of form what is of far greater moment in the Great Quest—of that golden fleece men call happiness—an eye to discern and a mind to approve those flashes of the heavenly beauty which are only revealed to the beautiful in heart.

I was hardly surprised therefore when she drew me aside and, pointing to a little stretch of blue water some five hundred feet immediately below the summit and on the opposite side to the snow peaks and glaciers, demanded to be taken to that "little blue lake." Truly it was very lovely, like a sapphire jewel whose beauty is enhanced by the simplicity of its setting, and the blue water glanced and rippled in the sunshine as brightly as Eileen's eyes—only these were not blue but a lustrous hazel brown and large—large as the lake itself. Still the descent was not altogether attractive—sharply precipitous over a good deal of loose rock and a belt of what looked like very soft snow, and, but that I would not disappoint the desire I loved her for, and that even in these days of dead chivalry a knight must ever seek at all hazards to carry out his lady's slightest whim, I had almost sought to persuade her to be content with the view of her blue lake from where we stood. Almost—not quite, for the poet dies hard, as Stevenson has it, in the hearts of all of us, and I too felt the sacred spark stirring within me and desired to dally awhile by the lac d' amour.

So we started. And in due time, after hair-breadth escapes from falling stones and broken bottles thrown down by thoughtless trippers, we arrived. Then, had I ever doubted as I had not, I had recognised to the full the perfect wisdom of Eileen's judgment. We stretched ourselves out on a big rock, which stood out like an island near the edge of the lake, and then, surrounded on all sides by the blue water, gave ourselves up to the spirit of the hour. Eileen is thirteen and a half, and I am—well a good deal older, but for that half hour we spent near the blue lake—would that it had been longer—we were both children

who had entered the glorious realm of fairyland And what a fairyland! Even the snatches of conversation we indulged in seemed almost desecration, and it were profanation now in cold blood to attempt to describe it. Far better the sympathetic silence which Maeterlinck so shrewdly observes can only be maintained by those who have pierced to the very kernel of friendship. But of all my souvenirs of Switzerland, of all my happy memories of life, that half-hour by the blue lake will always stand out the most precious and the sweetest. L.

The Exorcism of Jyeshta.

(*A curious custom in Malabar.*)

PROSPERITY and Adversity are represented in the Hindu pantheon as twin sisters, the former being the younger, and more virtuous, beautiful and beloved than the latter. *Jyeshta* or *Chetta*, as Adversity is more commonly styled in popular parlance, means 'elder sister' and is a synonym for the embodiment of anger, woe and kindred qualities. She is shunned by all, but there is no place on earth where she does not pervade herself. She is no respecter of persons; she resides in palaces and cottages and once a year serious attempts are made to drive her out of her hiding place. But never does she quit her wonted residence for good. The larger the measures taken to expel her, the more persistent does she grow.

The New Year in Malabar begins in Auvany or Chingom (August—September). The twelfth month of the Malabar year, *viz.*, Audi or Karkatekam, is one of great scarcity—grain famine, currency famine, water famine, in fact, every kind of famine that there is during the month in the land. With want and scarcity is combined general ill-health and disease. Everybody is anxiously looking forward for the New Year, when the harvest will be gathered in and plenty and prosperity will reign in the land. And, before the New Year comes round with the presiding deity of the younger Sister, Seethevi, the houses must be swept clean of the ever-dreaded elder Muthevi.

During the early hours of the first morning of the New Year, before the sun starts on his daily course, the curious ceremony of casting out the demon of Muthevi is gone through. An old basket made of cadjan leaves filled in with the sweepings and rubbish of the house, a dirty rag, a cocoanut shell, an unserviceable, worn-out broom and a charred earthen pot are removed from the house and cast on either side of the street. This is "casting out Jyeshta"—a time-honoured custom still kept on even in the households of highly educated and cultured men and women of 'progressive' Malabar. It may be worth noticing that this practice does not obtain elsewhere in South India,—at all events, on the other side of the ghauts. Soon after this ceremony, the house is swept clean and sprinkled with the 'Hindu disinfectant' of cowdung water. The inmates of the house bathe in the morning and visit any temple nearest to them. With a hearty happiness they enjoy the day after their own fashion, the New Year day being observed as a public holiday throughout Malabar. But no sooner is the 'elder' driven out and the 'younger' ushered in, than they meet again to dwell together and in the ensuing year no one lives in unalloyed happiness or in utter misery. In this imperfect world of ours, prosperity and adversity, weal and woe, happiness and misery are inextricably mixed up. Each of the twins is worthy of the respect of the other; indeed, the one cannot do without the other; nor could we, men and women, hope to get on without either. No one is lulled in the lap of luxury from birth to death, nor is there a being who is a perpetual victim of misery.

Wel has the foremost poet of Malabar sung:—

Yeé lokattil sukhamasukhavum misramaittanirikkum
Malokarkum mati mukhi! Vavarillayo malenekam?

which has been done into English thus:—

"Ay, but friend! in this mundane plane
Comfort and woe must ever mixed remain;
Thou knowest but well that many a noble soul
Is doomed at times to reach a hapless goal."

T. RAMALINGAM PILLAI.

LOVE'S POWER.

O Love! O Light! Thou birth of beauteous mind!
Merge thou my being into brilliance pure;
And charge my soul with mighty power to blend
Earth's darkness into joy so sure!

FRANCIS ROCKBY.

THE OPEN SESAME.

(*A Persian Love-Story*).

'Who is it knocking at the door?'
She asked in silver accents sweet;—
''Tis I, thy Love, from days of yore,
Eager my Fairy-Queen to meet!'
Unopened still the door remained—
Again the knock and 'who is there?'—
''Tis I, whose heart, from Love detained,
Now throbs and leaps thy Love to share!'
When once again the knock was heard,
And brought the echo 'who is there?'
He spoke, at last, the secret word,—
''Tis *Thou*, *Thyself*, O Angel fair!'
The magic words supplied the key,
He found the door unbarred at last,—
'With Love there is no I and ME.'
She smiled and said, clasping him fast.

MAYA.

Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

I. TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

A COMPARISON between the methods of travelling in India in ancient and in modern times will give us a fair idea of the immense advance made in civilisation and culture since primitive times. When we recollect that even in England till the 14th century travelling was very irksome and dangerous, we can well imagine what travelling in primitive India must have been. But there seems to be enough evidence to show that the Aryans, the first civilized conquerors of India, possessed even in the earliest times chariots and ships. But these must have been of a very primitive kind and could only have been used by the richer classes. With the exception of such conveyances, travelling in India seems to have been carried on on foot mostly, and where the travellers could afford it on horseback and the back of elephants. At all events it must have been very dangerous and inconvenient. The roads must have abounded with robbers and outlaws, like the legendary Robin Hood of England, or like the robbers which even now take refuge in forests and come out at times to harass travellers. Besides this, there could have been not many means in ancient times of bridging over natural obstacles. No doubt, mountain passes, forests, and rivers rendered travelling impossible in some parts; and, where travelling was possible, it must have been very irksome on account of the want of inns and halting places on the way. Still a great amount of travelling seems to have been done; how else could we account for the fact that almost all the whole of India was peopled in very primitive ages. Sir Thomas Roe, the English ambassador to the great Mogul Emperor, Jahangir, in 1615, accompanied the imperial camp on one of its journeys; and he describes the camp as a moving city. There were the imperial pavilions and the pavilions of the nobles, the long streets of shops, like the bazaars of a city, and various other comfortable arrangements. The ancient emperors of India also used to take pleasure in constructing grand roads with caravansaries and wells at short intervals, and spacious canals for the use of boats and ships. Therefore we see that the means of travelling were gradually improved from the earliest times, till now we can look with pride upon many thousands of miles of road, constructed over mountain passes and through forests, where before there were barely foot tracks; over rivers at their highest floods; over marshes and plains, formerly impassable in the monsoon, now traversed with safety during all seasons. We can also view with pleasure the thousands of miles of railways which have been constructed; the many navigable and irrigating canals, which now run through so many parts of India; and the majestic ships and steamers, which plough though the sea carrying passengers to distant lands, which before we could scarcely have hoped to reach.

All these carry with them great civilizing influences to different parts of India. They develop the resources of the country and increase commerce by carrying the products of one district to another. Thus to a large extent are diminished the evils of famine. Above all the improved means of communication render possible the spread of the softening influences of education to savage countries. They also make travelling a pleasure, so that we could now easily make trips to picturesque parts of the country; and thus in a way they indirectly improve the faculties of observation in us and give rest to the wearied brain.

A great impulse was given to the project of constructing railways in India, during the Governor-Generalship of Lord Hardinge, 1844-1847. The fruit of this impulse was seen in the administration of Lord Dalhousie, 1848-1856; for the first railway in India was opened in 1853,

28 years after railways had been introduced into England.

Steam communication with India was first introduced during the administration of Lord William Bentinck. In 1830, the first steamers built at Calcutta ascended the Ganges for 800 miles; and the success of the experiment amply justified its extension, and to it we now owe the immense benefits derived from steam communication with Europe.

Besides railways and steamers, there are other means of communication in India; and in these we see only a slight extension of the earlier methods of conveyance. Where there are no railways, travelling is done by boat, by carts and by palanquins.

The idea of travelling by boats no doubt seems very enticing, for travelling on water always conveys a very pleasant train of ideas to the mind. But, in this case, the pleasure is overbalanced by the irksomeness of always being compelled to sit in the low cabins of the boat, though, of course, we can get out of the vessel and walk on the banks of the canal, if we please. Travelling by palanquins is comparatively easy and pleasant. A palanquin is a kind of closed compartment with two windows, in which we are carried along easily on the shoulders of bearers, who relieve their labour by a monotonous chant sometimes pleasant to hear.

On the other hand, travelling by carts is one of the most difficult of journeys. The jolting of the bandies over the hard and uneven road; the continual waking-up of the driver, who persists always in going to sleep; the monotonous roll of the wheels and the fear of robbers, altogether, make it a very unpleasant thing indeed. But such journeys have to be made during the summer, when the canals are closed, in places where there are no railways.

Perhaps it would be best to end with a description of a journey, which exemplifies in a way the remarks above made.

After the commencement of the Christmas holidays of last year, my grandmother, my sister, my two brothers and myself started from M—. in a Mission boat. Such boats, built to stand in, with as many conveniences as can be gathered together, are far more comfortable than the ordinary boats we see on the canal. Therefore we enjoyed our boat journey pretty well, though we were rather crowded together. My brothers contrived to make it specially enlivening, and sometimes, too noisy, with their mischievous pranks. Wherever the boat halted, they were always wanting to fish, and when they saw a bird perch near the boat, they felt the want of a gun very much. We arrived at B—at about five o'clock in the evening, and went straight to the railway station, where we had to wait till 10 P.M. for the train. The time spent there was very wearisome; and we were glad, when the time came, to get into a compartment of the train, where we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. But, weary as we were, we could not help sitting up to see a famous bridge we had to pass. It could not be seen very well in the faint moonlight, but the little that we saw was well worth seeing. Besides, we had seen it many times previously in the full light of day. It appeared very grand and well worth the time, labour and money, which had been spent upon it. It had gallantly withstood the attacks of the late floods, which had sometimes even passed over it. The next morning dawned bright and clear, and we were able to see well the grand hills crowned with dark forests, which sometimes could be seen far away in the distance, and sometimes were very near. The sun shining upon them especially increased their grandeur. The stations are few and far between, and they are sometimes scarcely worth the name of 'Stations.' There were two tunnels, through which we had to pass through. We had to travel the whole day; and the pleasure got by observing the scenery around was soon dispelled by the heat, which gradually increased. In the evening the scenery was splendid. Dark, high rocks towered around us, touched into different shades of colour by the setting sun, which, appearing like a red ball of fire from behind the hills, shed a lurid light over the scene. Gradually it sank, and darkness spread around. By 8 P. M. we were in Guntakal; and had to wait there another hour before the Madras local train came in. Then we all got into the Madras Mail, and in about two hours' time were at our destination. Guntakal station was very grand and full of comforts and conveniences. The rumbling of trains, which continually came and went, and the traffic going on, gave it a very busy appearance. On the whole indeed our journey had been very pleasant; but we were glad to be at home again.

We know not what the future of India might be; but, with all the modern improvements going on, and with all the immense advance already made in civilisation, there is no reason for thinking that it would be otherwise than bright and glorious.

K. R.

II.—A LITTLE BULBUL IN HAWK'S CLAWS.

I had planted some rose bushes in the court-yard of my zenana, just to have something green to rest my eyes upon; in due course they put forth a wealth of roses and I was delighted to see

the flowers that I had raised with my own hands. One of my servant maids picked a rose that had just opened and crushed it in her hands, making its petals fall away. And I was grieved to see my rose-bud dispersing its beauty in this manner. Our servants have no love of the beautiful, I thought; so, lifting up my skirt, I approached my rose bush, and touched my roses lovingly. Suddenly a Bulbul flew out of it. On looking closely, I found a nest inside the bush, and 2 or 3 eggs in it. From that day onward, to my interest in the roses was added the interest of the Bulbul. I used to watch her coming in and out of the rose bush, pouring out her plaintive melodies; in a few days she had her little Bulbuls about her, and she fed them lovingly as they hopped around her. But one day as I was doing some work, my little son Akbar who had received an air-gun as a present from me shot dead the mother-bird. It gave me intense pain, but what could I do? pray, however I may, I could not restore the bird to life, so I wrapped her body in soft silk and entrusted her to mother earth with tears in my eyes. I spoke to Akbar, he was too young to understand, still I made him pray to God to forgive him for destroying the life of the poor songstress. I took her young ones and put them in a beautiful cage. I used to take them out and feed them with my own hands. One day I had taken them out and was feeding them as usual, one of them was perching on my shoulder while the other was pecking at my hand, when a hawk came like a dart and took it away. I screamed in vain, the hawk disappeared from my sight. Such is the life of some Indian girls, they are brought up in the midst of roses, they hear nothing but sweet loving speeches, and are treated like little queens. They are given beautiful dresses and pretty jewels and their every whim is gratified, even their dolls are decked in gold; but, as they grow up, every one seems to get tired of them and wants to send them away from home. So they are given away to a man or a boy, whoever he happens to be; and the poor girl, who had never been out of her home, who knows not what it all means, goes through the ceremony like a child, rejoicing in her new dresses and jewels, until her husband snatches her away like a hawk from her beautiful home for ever and for ever.

By Narendra Kumari.

III.—A SIMPLE STORY.

In a little village there was a very pretty orchard, growing mango and many other kinds of fruit trees. In it, in a little hut, there lived with his grandmother, a little dwarf, who earned a means of livelihood by selling the fruit. This orchard had been given to the little man by his old relative, who was indeed very fond of him, all the more so, because he was an orphan, having lost both parents at a very early age. His mother had been the only daughter of the old woman. She and her husband, who were both of them very poor, on one occasion, were travelling to *Ramesvaram* to get *Punyam* (sanctity). But fate had it that on the way the poor woman should be attacked by cholera. They were so poor that they could not get any medicines; but, worse still, not a drop of water could be had to drink. Water enough there was, but not untainted water such as they wanted, for they were orthodox Brahmins, and would not, even to save their lives, drink or eat anything defiled by "casteless" hands. All that could be done was done. The man put her into a one-bullock cart and took her on to their destination as quickly as possible. But the terrible jolting of the *jatka* made the poor lady worse, so much so, in fact, that, when her husband came to lift her down at Ramesvaram, her frail life had fled. The shock was terrible and undermined the man's health so much that he also was struck down by the fatal sickness and died. And so the dwarf became an orphan and the treasure of his bereaved grandmother. He had then been ten years of age. The news had been broken to him gently; he had been petted and caressed so much that he scarcely missed his parents. He was not very intelligent, but his grandmother taught him the art of gardening, for which indeed he had the natural instinct.

And so some happy years passed. Old woman and young boy,—both would wander about the pretty garden, hand-in-hand, learning many simple lessons from beautiful nature. Now and again they would pluck a luscious fruit and eat, or perhaps gather it from the ground where it was lying in rank luxuriance. The little hopping squirrels and the happy birds became their friends. And, often the grandmother would say, "Be a good boy, Rama, and I will give you the garden when I die,"—words from which the boy shrank, for the very thought of the old woman's death was terrible to him.

But death is inexorable. It came, touched the venerable lady with its gentle fingers, and the boy was alone—terribly alone. His garden was his only consolation. Because it was his grandmother's, he tended it carefully and vastly improved it. And it began to look so pretty that many a passer-by would stop to look at it and admire it,—which gave great pride to its owner. But he felt very lonely. He hated going out into the streets, except at night, for many unkind people jeered at his large head and his misshapen

body. And, when he went to the bazaar, or to the wealthy houses in the village,—as he often had, to sell his fruit,—it was a very unhappy little dwarf indeed that carried his beloved load for which he received good money in exchange.

One morning, the dwarf was sitting sadly at the gate of his orchard, watching a mischievous squirrel jumping up the branches of a big tree. The sweet and intoxicating scent from some jasmine trees near by lulled his senses to sleep. Suddenly he was startled by a cough and a sigh behind him. He looked round, and his wondering gaze saw a bundle of tattered rags shrouding a poor old man, who had sunk down fainting just inside the entrance of his garden. The dwarf sprang to his feet, brought some water and one or two *chapatties*, which had been left over from his morning meal. In every way, he acted the part of a good Samaritan and soon had the pleasure of seeing the old man revive. From thenceforward both became fast friends. The old man had some money with him, for he was a pilgrim going to some holy shrine, with his slowly gathered little hoard of money tied up in his cloth. The dwarf had long wanted some one to help him in the supervision of the coolies and gardeners, who did the hard work. And so they two lived together, eating their simple meals and enjoying many peaceful days. Often they had interesting conversations. Often the old man would tell the young one about the outside world and the latter would hang on his wise words with open mouth. But there was one special subject of interest for the old man—his son. He was his hero, and he soon became the hero of the dwarf also. "I have a son," the former would say, "he is in the sepoy army at S—. And oh! he is such a good boy and so fond of his poor old father. He is not ashamed of me. He sends me money. And soon he is coming to me, and he will get married and get children, and I will live in his house till I die."

"And I—?" the dwarf would ask wistfully.

"You also, my little friend," the other would reply gently. "Are you not my friend? We will live near each other and will often be together. But ah!—it will not be for long. I am very old. I hope my son will come soon."

Not for long! Again did death cast its fearsome shadow over our dwarf. Again did he tremble at its terrible power! But death was kinder to him this time.

One evening, the two friends were sitting together, chatting. On a small fire near, their simple dinner of rice and vegetable curry was being cooked. Their platters of large leaves were ready in the house, and—oh luxury!—four lovely mangoes were awaiting their approval. Suddenly a loud, jolly voice was heard at the gate. It was coming inside. Who was this? A tall thin man, in the soiled white uniform of a sepoy, with the little red sepoy turban stuck jauntly on his head and his long gun in his hand! Who was this?

The old man sprang up. His face was convulsed with joy. "My son, my son," he screamed, falling into the young man's arms. The old man was a decrepit old wreck, but never was so tenderer or kinder. The dwarf shrank away into the hut. He was ashamed to be seen. That grand young youth would laugh at his ugly shape. Where could he hide his head?

But no! he too had his welcome. "Where are you, Rama?" was heard presently calling his old friend's voice. And so the dwarf had to come out; but—wonder of wonders!—where was the laugh at his expense? There was no ridicule, but only pity, a deep sad pity. Verily! this was a god-like young man.

Thus four months passed. The sepoy had taken leave for six months. Two more happy months, the dwarf thought with a happy heart. But death came. To whom? To himself. For one evening, the dwarf had a high fever, which dragged on and on for days, never leaving his poor weak body. He became weaker and weaker and one day, he called his two friends to his side, where he lay in a corner of the hut, on a narrow rude *charpoy*.

"Death is kind to me, my friends," he whispered. "Take this," drawing out a paper from under the bundle, on which his head lay. "You have been very kind to me, and this is my present to you."

And so he died. The paper was found to be a will, properly attested and signed, leaving the beautiful garden to his two friends. When had the poor dwarf found the opportunity to get it drawn up? Where had he found the lawyer? Where had the necessary intelligence come to him? But he had found it. Love had given him cleverness and resource.

"A poor simple, sweet soul," the old man wailed over his dead body. "He was one of the best sons of this earth."

Was he not so? Poor he was, rough he was and uneducated. But his simple heart had been full of love, and gratitude had reigned supreme even in that uncouth frame.

By an Old Lady.

"Scorn no man's Love, though of a mean
degree;
Love is a present for a mighty king."

Herbert.

The Indian and Homeric Epics.

It is said that in India, literature like the whole face of nature is on a monstrous and gigantic scale; perhaps, in one sense it is due to the sublime mountainous retreats and solitary haunts to which the Rishis and poets confined themselves, while they busied themselves in pious devotions or in composing immortal strains, which have outlived the influence of Time and Adversity alike. Poetry, born amid the sublime majesty and silence of the "eternally radiant Himalayas" in the near vicinity of the "blue holy Ganges," fostered in a land over which the spirit of "the dreamy, placid, metaphysical East" seemed to brood over the silence, and developed under the glorious warmth and radiance of a Tropical climate, became truly endowed with the utmost oriental luxuriance, where the imagination was allowed to run riot and follow its own course in exaggerated beauty and splendour. Perhaps it is no exaggeration when we say that poetry developed itself with true Oriental magnificence and bewildering fancifulness in the two great Epics, the Ramayana and Mahabharata, which constitute between themselves a thorough national encyclopædia.

Epic poetry, if it is popular, lives on among the people, even when all other literary activity may have ceased. It forms, so to say, "the literary bread and water," without which a nation cannot long subsist. But as is the case with all primitive Epics, "the Epopea received and incorporated the traditions, the ideas, the beliefs, the myths, the symbols of that civilization in the midst of which it arose, and by the weaving in and arranging of all these vast elements, it became the complete and faithful expression of a whole ancient period; and, in fact, the Epopea is nothing but a system which represents poetically those ideas of a people, which the philosophical systems expound theoretically."

Passing on to a comparison between the Epics of two great nations, both of which are famous more for their ancient civilization than for their present, a critic observes thus:—"Although the Hindus, like the Greeks, have only two great Epic poems, yet to compare these vast compositions with the Iliad and the Odyssey, is to compare the Indus and the Ganges rising in the snows of the world's most colossal ranges, swollen by numerous tributaries, spreading into vast shallows, and branching into deep divergent channels, with the streams of Attica or the mountain-torrents of Thessaly." There is, in fact, a hugeness of bulk and proportion about this, as about every other branch of Sanskrit Literature, that to a mind accustomed to a more limited area, is absolutely confusing.

Unlike the authorship of the Greek Epics, which is ascribed to an ordinary man, whose genius wove those immortal fabrics, that of the Indian Epics is ascribed to inspired poets, forming a company of holy men, whose eye could pierce "the present, and the past and the to-come," who attained the science of secret things, by

"Dreadful Abstinence
And conquering penance of the mutinous flesh,
Deep contemplation, and unwearied study
In years outstretched beyond the date of man."

The antiquity of the Indian Epics is beyond all doubt, but their probable date has not been fixed. Speaking of the date of Valmiki, the author of the Ramayana, the *Westminster Review* had an interesting article. It says:—"We are ignorant of the date of the poem, or rather of the era to which its older parts belong. Probably Valmiki and Homer were contemporaries; perhaps, the Hindu was the earlier of the two, and sang his song while the Iliad was a reality, which to Homer rose in the background of two or three generations. Our limits forbid us to enter into any detailed proof, nor, indeed, could any be quite satisfactory; the best arguments for its age are found in the poem itself, and the habits and manners which it describes. Thus, the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their husbands, which the Greeks describe as an old custom when Alexander invaded India, B.C. 327, is utterly unknown in the Ramayana, and one fact like this speaks volumes. It is a host in itself in such poems as the Ramayana and the Iliad; we instinctively feel that they belong to the earlier world: we enter them as we enter a house in Pompeii—the colours may still seem fresh, and no mark of decay remind us of their age, but we feel that they belong not to us or ours, and a gulf of ages lies between us and our objects."

A proof of the antiquity and age of these two great Epics of India is the fact that many poets, both dramatic and epic have had recourse to the great fountain of these poems, even as the Grecian poets have drawn their materials from the Epics of Homer. The four Epics have evidently undergone considerable alterations since the time of their first composition, but still underneath all subsequent additions, the original elements are preserved. But the task of separating the genuine from the spurious would, perhaps, be difficult and altogether impracticable, because for many ages it is certain that the work existed only by oral tradition, and many rhapsodists, naturally ambitious, mingled their own songs

with those of their bards, whose grand strains "burst out of the heart's fulness like the free song of a child."

Many points of similarity may be noticed between the Indian and the Greek Epics, but we must expect to find in them the distinctive genius of two different peoples (though both of the Aryan race) under widely different scenes and circumstances, colouring their Epic poetry. It is said of the Ramayana and the Mahabbarata, that though they are pictures of the manners and customs of ancient times, even as the Homeric poems are, yet they bear in a remarkable degree, "the impress peculiar to Asiatic productions." "On the side of art and harmony they can no more compete with the Iliad and the Odyssey than the unnatural outline of the ten-headed and twenty-armed Ravana can bear comparison with the symmetry of a Grecian statue." The Homeric poems are characterized by a classic directness and simplicity, which endows them with a sort of majestic grandeur, while the Indian Epics excite the wonder and imagination, by their exaggerated narrative.

Passing on to a comparison of the plot and the personages of the Ramayana with those of the Iliad, it is curious to note that in both the subject is a war undertaken to recover the wife of one of the warriors, carried off by a hero on the other side. In this respect Rama corresponds to Menelaus, though he has nothing in common with him. Sita to Helen of Troy, although she rises far above the latter in her indomitable devotion to her husband and in her gentleness and patient endurance under trouble and sorrow. Sparta to Ayodhya and Lanka to Troy. Mr. Griffith observes that even though "the people against whom Rama waged war were, as the poem indicates in many places, different in origin, in civilization, and in worship from the Sanskrit Indians; yet the poet of the Ramayana, in this respect like Homer, who assigns to Troy customs, creeds and worship similar to those of Greece, places in Ceylon, the seat of this alien and hostile people, names, habits, and worship similar to those of Sanskrit India." Even though there is a rough similarity in the plots of the two Epics, yet the whole moral tone of the Ramayan rises above that of the Iliad. The subject of the Iliad is really the anger of Achilles, and when that is appeased the poem closes. But in the Ramayana, though the motive, in the capture of Lanka and the utter destruction of Ravana, the abductor of the fair Sita, was to take vengeance for his outrageous conduct, yet underlying this is the sublime motive of ridding from the face of the earth, the ten-headed giant-monster, whose baneful influence and power was a snare to gods and men alike. Those who read the Ramayana and Mahabbarata cannot but fail to notice, that a "deep religious meaning underlies the whole narrative, and that the wildest allegory may be intended to conceal a sublime moral, symbolising the conflict between good and evil, and teaching the hopelessness of victory in so terrible a contest without purity of soul, self-abnegation and subjugation of the evil passions."

In the delineation of home life, in the descriptions of domestic love, the dearness of home and the ties of kinsfolk, it is said that Sanskrit Epic poetry is unrivalled even by Greek Epos. It is said that Homer does not often take one out of the battle field, and, if "the parting of Hector and Andromache, the visit of Priam to the tent of Achilles, and the lamentations over the bodies of Patroclus and Hector be excepted," there are few such pathetic passages in the Iliad as the death of the hermit accidentally shot by King Dasaratha, and as the pleadings of Sita for permission to accompany her husband into exile, as she says :—

"Thou art my king, my guide, my only refuge, my divinity,
It is my fixed resolve to follow thee. If thou must wander forth
Through thorny trackless forests, I will go before thee treading down
The prickly brambles to make smooth thy path; Walking before thee I
Shall feel no weariness: the forest thorns will seem like silken robes;
The bed of leaves, a couch of down. To me the shelter of thy presence
Is better far than stately palaces and paradise itself."

In the Indian Epics such passages abound, like the heart-rending lament of Damayanti, when her husband leaves her alone in that wild wilderness, and like the pathetic devotion of Savitri as she follows undaunted Yama, the terrible King of Death, and many more besides, giving us a very high idea of the purity and happiness of domestic life in ancient India. These passages indicate a capacity in Hindu women for the discharge of the most sacred and most important duties of life.

In the delineation of the character of the heroes, Homer takes the lead, for his characters are like Shakespeare's. "They are true heroes, but they are always men; never perfect, never free from human weakness, inconsistencies and caprices of temper." It is also said that Homer, instead of giving long descriptions of his warriors, allows them to speak for themselves, so that they stand out before us in all actual reality as photographs of real personages. But to the Indian poets this plain matter-of-fact narrative does not charm the fancy, hence, though they exhibit much skill in their character-painting, yet "they cannot avoid ministering to the craving

for the marvellous. Their warriors are either too good or too bad, and we have not much sympathy with them, because we see in them no likeness of ourselves. There are few gradations of light and shade and little artistic blending of opposite hues." Perhaps as a brave and powerful warrior, Rama, may be compared to Achilles, but he is cast "in a less human mould than that of the Grecian hero." He is the type of a perfect son, a perfect brother and a perfect husband. Always before us is kept his divine nature, as being the incarnation of Vishnu, hence he does not appeal much to our sympathy, although he calls forth our respect and admiration. Again Yudhishtira or Dharma Raja, the eldest of the Pandu Kings, is a perfect pattern of impartial justice, the warrior Arjuna of exceeding courage, valour and skill, while Duryodhana, the eldest of the Kurus, is shown up in a bad light as the type of wickedness itself. Perhaps of all the heroes and warriors, the fiery Bhima and the high-souled Lakshmana call forth our sympathy, because they are depicted as being endowed with the like passions as ourselves, and as constantly finding themselves placed in false positions by their irrepressible impetuosity and impatience.

But passing to the delineation of women, the Indian poets draw from very life, so that they engage our affections at once. The gentle Sita, the noble-hearted Damayanti, the brave and energetic Draupadi, all appeal to us more than Helen and Penelope, who appear like pale shadows before the warm, glowing portraits drawn of the Indian heroines. A critic says that "we have true representatives of the purity and simplicity of Hindu domestic manners in early times, in the delightful portraits of the 'Pativrata,' or 'devoted wife,'" which is as follows:—

"A wife is half the man, his truest friend,
A loving wife is a perpetual spring
Of virtue, pleasure, wealth; a faithful wife
Is his best aid in seeking heavenly bliss;
A sweetly-speaking wife is a companion
In solitude; a father in advice;
A mother in all seasons of distress;
A rest in passing through life's wilderness."

The social interest of these epics lies in what they tell us of the manners and customs of the times. Homer tells the story rapidly with a directness and simplicity, which engages our attention by its extreme simplicity. But through all the intricate and minute descriptions of our Indian poets, traces of a higher civilization than that given by Homer, can be found. For instance, the battlefields of the Ramayana and Mahabharata, of which exaggerated accounts are given, are not the scene of wanton cruelties: "Compare, for instance, Achilles' savage treatment of Hector and Rama's gentle treatment of Ravana, his fallen foe." Yet, we must say that the savage and cruel murder—for murder it is and none other—of Abhimanya, the lion-like son of Arjuna, a mere boy, by all the renowned Kuru warriors, is a blot on the fair pages of the Mahabharata. The descriptions of Ayodhya and Lanka show a degree of refinement and luxury, which speaks well for the civilization of that period. The social position of the women shows a wide difference from the present state of affairs. There was a dignity and elevation about the female character at the time, which shows us the influence that the women then possessed. Children are dutiful and obedient to their parents and superiors, even on the very verge of sorrow and disappointment. Rama goes into exile in order to keep up his father's word, even though all the priests and ministers try to dissuade him. "Contrast the respectful tone of Hindu children toward their parents, and the harsh manner in which Telemachus generally speaks to his mother." Younger brothers are respectful and obedient to their elder brothers. Compare the characters of Bhima and Lakshmana, who with all their fiery recklessness and impetuosity were controlled by Dharma Raja and Rama. Thus we see that these epics throw much light on the social position, customs and manners of the times.

The religious doctrines and mythology of the Indians and Greeks, as represented in these epics, show many points of similarity as well as of contrast. The future existence of the soul, the conditions of happiness or misery hereafter, and the descriptions of disembodied souls, of which Homer makes frequent mention, all these correspond to the Hindu nations on the same subject. But there is one great difference. "In Homer's poems there is not the slightest allusion to the soul's pre-existence in a former body, and its liability to pass into other bodies hereafter—a theory which in Hindu poetry invests present actions with a mysterious meaning and gives a deep, distinctive colouring to Indian theology." Passing on to the mythology of the two nations, it is said that "doubtless the gods of the Indian and Grecian Epics preserve some trace of their common origin, resembling each other in various ways; interfering in human concerns, exhibiting human infirmities, taking part in the battles of their favourite hero, furnishing them with celestial arms or interposing directly to protect them." For instance, here are the bare outlines of a comparison between the gods of India, Rome, and Greece. Thus:—

"Indra and Siva certainly offer points of analogy to Jupiter and Zeus. Parvati to Juno; Krishna to Apollo; Sri (Lakshmi) to Ceres; Prithvi to Cybele; Sarasvati (goddess of speech and letters and the arts) to Minerva; Yama to Pluto; Kama, god of love, to Cupid; Rati, wife

of Kama, to Venus; Ganesha or Ganapati, as presiding over the opening and beginning of all undertakings, to Janus; the Asvini Kumaras to the Dioscuri, Castor and Pollux." But the difference lies in this, that while the celestial beings of India are endowed with monstrous and frightful forms, for instance, Ganapati is represented with the face of an elephant, Siva has three eyes, Brahma, four faces, Indra, a thousand eyes and so on, those of Greece are delicate, refined and aerial beings.

In the use of mythology also, the Indian and Greek poets differ. In the Indian Epics, "the two worlds are so closely connected together, as if they seemed to depend upon each other for support. If distressed mortals are assisted out of their difficulties by divine interposition, the tables are often turned, and the gods themselves are often forced to ask the assistance of mortal warriors in their conflicts with the demons." Homer also uses the religious and natural element, but with this difference, that in the Iliad and the Odyssey the gods do not appear as if they were very far removed from man, and as if they were quite out of the range of plain, matter-of-fact humanity. Thus, though there are so many points of similarity between the religions represented in the two national Epics, yet there is this great difference that the "Ramayana and Mahabharata, unlike the Iliad and the Odyssey, are closely connected with the present religious faith of millions."

One great indifference in the two Epics of ancient India and ancient Greece lies in the construction of the Epic itself. In the Ramayana and Mahabharata, the range is almost unbounded, spreading over a vast area, while the principal story is constantly interrupted by long episodes, and this together with the rambling narrative of the story itself constitutes a great drawback in Hindu Epic poetry. Even the Iliad has not escaped the censure of critics in this point, but the artistic genius of the Greeks required that all the separate parts and additions should be blended into one symmetrical whole. Though Homer occasionally indulges in digressions and episodes, yet they constitute no violent disruption to the unity. But this is quite the contrary with our Indian poets. "The continuity is often designedly interrupted, they delight in stringing together a number of distinct stories, detached from each other, yet connected like the figures in a frieze. They even purposely break the sequence of each; so that before one is ended another is commenced, and before this is completed, others are interwoven. The result being a curious intertwining of stories within stories, the slender thread of an original narrative running through them all."

Thus, though these Epics have been composed ages and ages ago, they still exert their influence and charm the fancy by their variety, force, and splendour, and there they stand, as immortal monuments of the human mind, while generations after generations pass away before them, for time is inexorable and

"Time is awake, while mortals are asleep,
None can elude its grasp, or curb its course,
It passes unrestrained o'er all alike."

H. K.

The late 'John Oliver Hobbes.'

The untimely death of Mrs. Craigie, who was far more widely known as "John Oliver Hobbes," will be deeply mourned by her many friends. Mrs. Craigie was an American, but she married an Englishman and most of her life was passed in England. Many readers of lighter literature will be able to recall the instant success of her first book, "Some Emotions and a Moral," published in the now defunct "Pseudonym Library" fifteen years ago. Though slight, it was an astonishing book for a young woman of twenty-four to have written. Its incisive wit and sparkling dialogue set every one enquiring the real identity of "John Oliver Hobbes." Mrs. Craigie, in later years, wrote several novels, and with each new work she seemed to gain fresh strength. Her wit grew more mordant, her sarcasm more biting, but the power that lay beneath was always discernible. Perhaps she never excelled the level she reached in "The Gods, some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," that striking study of a wanton woman and her victim. It was written with a force and an insight into temperament that held the reader engrossed. Mrs. Craigie was distinguished beyond most women novelists, because she wrote with restraint. Her style was compact and direct; she never "slopped over" into adjectival outbursts. She did not consider that her special mission in life was to denounce man, and though a champion of her own sex, was not blind to the foibles of woman. She was one of the few modern writers, who talked even better than she wrote; and though a little prone at times to yield to the temptation to "coruscate" self-consciously, her conversation was always attractive. It is a sad coincidence that Mrs. Craigie was a devoted friend of Lady Curzon's, whom she has followed so quickly to the grave. She came to India at the time of the Delhi Durbar, and will be remembered by many who were present at that imperial assemblage. The little book she wrote about her visit was not equal to the rest of her work, and was manifestly regarded in the light of a holiday task.'

From *The Times of India.*

The Evolution of Dress.

THE question of the evolution of dress is a very interesting one. The first approach to something like dress was when some savage tribes took to painting themselves in lieu of clothing. No doubt the painting of the skin may sometimes have a different object, for instance, the Andaman islanders were in the habit of plastering themselves with a mixture of lard and coloured earth as a precaution against heat and mosquitoes. Often the painting of the body is adopted as an ornamentation. Indeed, it is noticeable that, in order of time, decoration has preceded dress. The dictum of the Preacher that "all is vanity," can be applied to savages, as well as to men and women of the modern world. Sometimes, instead of painting, tattooing was adopted as an ornamentation. There were different methods of tattooing. The New Zealand man had himself covered with patterns of curved lines; the woman had her mouth disfigured, lest people should accuse her of unfashionableness in having 'red lips'! Sometimes gashes were made in the skin, and ashes rubbed in, so that the wound healed in a knob or a ridge. Indeed there were no limits to the *fashions* of tattooing.

Dress or no dress, as we said before, ornamentation has been going on from the earliest ages. This is especially seen in the matter of arranging the hair, for which different methods—some highly elaborate—were adopted by savage tribes. Ornamentation was also followed with regard to the teeth and the nails. Sometimes the former were ground down to points, sometimes cut away into angular lines. Finger-nails were allowed to grow very long; and fashionable ladies often wore silver cases to protect them. Artificial deformation was also much resorted to by savage tribes. Distinctive features were exaggerated. For instance, among the snub-nosed Hottentots, the babies' noses were squeezed in and made still flatter. Infants' heads were pressed and shaped by pads and bandages, even faces were flattened or lengthened out. As for legitimate ornamentation, there has been a propensity to this in human nature as low down as we can follow it, for the only apparel of some tribes were rings on legs and arms, or, perhaps, a macaw's feather stuck in a hole at each corner of their mouths, or strings of shells hanging from noses, ears and under-lips." Sometimes the body was pierced or cut to fasten in the ornaments. It is interesting also to watch the origin of gold and precious stone jewelry. As an instance in point, we may mention the habit of Dayak girls to sheath their arms in coils of stout brass wire, and of African belles to wear great copper rings on their limbs, which used to get so hot in the sun that an attendant was often necessary to sluice them down occasionally with water. The feminine mind will sacrifice everything for ornamentation, it is said. Among the Telugu people there is the following story. A lady was ever troubling her husband to get her jewels. At last, in sheer desperation, the harassed man resorted to the expedient of having a mill-stone sheathed in gold and offered to the lady. Did she refuse to wear the ornament? Not at all. It was even with the greatest pleasure that she burdened herself with it.

To come now to clothing proper. The earliest form of clothing may be said to be bark garments. Savage tribes used this very much, and to the present day there is a tree in the Brazilian forests called, "the shirt-tree." The wearing of bark has sometimes been kept up as a sign of simplicity. For instance, it is written in the Laws of Manu that, when the Brahmin retires to end his days in religious meditation, he should wear a garment of bark or of skin. Sometimes leaf-garments were worn by savages, recalling us to the days of Adam and Eve, when they hurriedly made themselves garments of leaves. Skin garments were worn also a great deal by early tribes, and some relics of this mode of dressing are still to be seen in modern days.

It would be interesting to watch the origin of making thread, weaving, sowing and shaping garments. Relics of ancient instruments used in these occupations are still to be seen. For instance, the ancient method of twisting string, by rolling between the palms or with one hand on the thigh, is still to be seen among shoemakers. Next to this primitive method comes the better method of twisting string on a simple spindle made of two cross-sticks tied together. Now-a-days, the action of spinning machines is to combine a number of spindles in a row and drive them by steam-power. Weaving originated by stretching a number of threads on a frame, and by working the cross-thread in and out, with the fingers or on a stick. But the human mind ever tries to save time. So we find later the connivance of the alternate threads of the warp being lifted by crowbars, so as to allow the woof-thread to be carried right across by a shuttle. Then came the flying shuttle, which instead of being thrown by hand, was driven across by artificial means. Now the steam-engine does this work. As regards sewing, we can easily understand how it took its origin in the joining of pieces of skin or bark by means of sinew or thread. Pointed bones, bone needles

with eyes, and bronze needles are the precursors of the fine steel needles we now use. The beginnings of shaped garments can easily be conjectured. We can easily understand how the mantle took its origin from a rug or blanket thrown over the shoulder and fastened in front or on the side. Coats take their origin from tunics, which are a little more advanced than cloaks in that they provide openings for the arms. The origin of the hat can easily be understood, if one goes to villages and observes the primitive modes of head-dress and head-protection still used by the simple villagers.

The objects of dress may be said to be three in number—decency, warmth and ornament; though many among us, perhaps, think more about the fineness of the fabric than its warmth, and more about the cut than the convenience. But as the old proverb says, "Cleanliness is next to godliness;" and the human body, one of the most wonderful of God's creations, should be clothed with due respect to the laws of health and cleanliness and neatness. Dress in different countries varies according to the climate and the taste of the different natives. The people of France generally lead the fashion in Europe, so tasteful and elegant is their dress. In India, the fashions of dress do not change so rapidly as those in Europe; in fact they seldom change at all. But more attention is paid to jewelry than dress, and more care is taken to catch the eye with brilliant colours, than to ensure the tasteful and harmonious mingling of subdued and soft colours.

Sometimes the people of a country adopt the whole, or at least part, of the dress of the nation, which may happen to conquer them. Some parts of the dress again may be the result of the observance of tradition. The Jews, for example, even now when they go to their places of worship, wear a kind of cloak, called the Talith, under or above their coats. This is due to the ancient commandment of God that they should wear blue fringes to their cloaks, "that they may remember and do all My commandments, and be holy unto their God." Dress also varies in a country according to the means of subsistence of every man. Poor people can spend very little money on their dress, but if they choose they can always dress simply and neatly.

Shakespeare says

> "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
> For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

The dress of a man very often indicates his character. If neat and simple, it shows a quiet unostentatious character, which tries to do everything in as complete a manner as possible. But a wise man will not wear clothes which are suitable to men beneath his own rank. When Antisthenes, it is said, saw Socrates in a torn coat, he showed a hole in it to the people, and said, "Lo! through this I see Socrates' pride." It shows false modesty in a character, and pride which cares not to regard the ordinary laws of society.

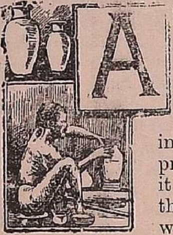
There are some people, however, who are always trying to dress above their rank. This may ruin them before long, and it shows a vain disposition. But it is easy to find an excuse for this fault, as well as for the other of dressing below one's rank. A great man, who was himself very plain in apparel, checked a gentleman for being over fine, who however modestly answered, "Your lordship hath better clothes at home, and I have worse." But, however people may dress, the great object to aim at should be to produce a pleasing effect on the eyes of others. Some ladies dress so very prettily, that as one looks at them, a sense of repose steals into the heart, inspired by the soft combination of harmonious colours; while others again dress so very brilliantly that simply to look at them will cause a sense of fascination, yet of dislike, to take possession of one's mind, just as one would feel when looking at the beautiful, yet hateful, body of a tiger.

Fashions and new modes in dress are all very good, no doubt. But very often new fashions are ugly and worse still afford no use at all. On the other hand, immense amounts of money are spent. We often read of how a lady in society in England spends hundreds of pounds on one ball-dress. Such habits are, I am afraid, even coming down to our Indian ladies, the early simplicity of whose dress is giving place to elaborate "confections." But what is the use of fashion? It is very hard, no doubt, when you are a society lady, to dress differently from the prevailing mode. Sometimes this even leads to extremes in the difference. For instance, it is not a rare sight to see the new woman in England masquerading in garments very much like men's clothes. Such eccentricities are indeed very deplorable. But I think it should be easy for Indian ladies at least, to dress simply and yet tastefully. Dress is still in a transitory stage in India. We have not suited ourselves yet. And yet a pretty method of dress is easily accessible. And nice dresses can be made comfortable, as well as not very expensive. On the other hand, it is imperative that a woman should ever dress prettily, whether at home or outside. It is her duty to dress well. It does not show vanity, or over-carefulness as to appearance, that a woman should be careful about her dress. I have often noticed that even the most unobservant of men

like their women to dress well. If a woman's duty then is to please men, should she not please him in the matter of dress also?

Things Seen.

1. A Village Oil Mill.



AS we drive along a certain road in Madras, a murmuring grumbling noise meets our ears, which, increasing in intensity, becomes a rasping, growling, subdued roar, as we approach the spot from which it is produced. It comes from the primitive oil-mill, which we show in our picture. Such mills are more plentiful in villages, where there are no machine-contrivances. Two bulls draw a contrivance, which is like a plough, attached to a large beam, which revolves inside a huge receptacle. In the receptacle are the gingely and other seeds, from the crushing of which the gingely and other oils are produced. An oil-mill seems to be one of the dirtiest of places. Everywhere there appears to be oil. The driver driving his patient bullocks with *clicks* and yells, glistens with it, the rank smell of it pervades the atmosphere. Only the poor animals do not appear to be nourished with oil! They appear so patient, these bulls, fated to go round and round their monotonous work, dragging their heavy encumbrance behind. For them, there are no such new or fresh sights, which happier bulls, which work in the fields or on the roads, can see and enjoy. For, why should we not think that the speechless animals also enjoy the sights and sounds of nature, and the sights and sounds of people moving up and down in populous places? Are they too brutish for that? If so, then some *cloddish*, soulless men are also brutish. In any case, to come back to our subject, the oil-mill bull's lot is a hard one. Let us hope it is at least allowed to feed on the husks left behind, according to the Bible proverb: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox, when he treadeth out the corn."

2. Buffaloes in Water.

One of the commonest sights in India is that of buffaloes wallowing in mire. What huge, lazy, beasts they seem! The very turn of their horns seems to betoken sloth, and yet they can turn out fairly good work. In towns, we do not often meet with buffaloes drawing carts. But, in villages and other places, they are so used. Buffaloes chiefly however are used for giving milk. The buffalo does not seem to be so domesticated as the ox. Its milk is however richer than the cow's milk, and gives better butter, etc., but at the same time, it has a peculiar smell, and is not so healthy as that sweet beverage given to us by the gentle cow. I think buffaloes are very stupid animals also. There is a proverb in the vernacular, comparing foolish or ignorant men to these dense animals. Buffaloes are not of all colours like the ox, but have a peculiar dark greyish tint. On this skin, the mud and slime which they gather from the ditches they lie in, shows in glistening patches and makes them look even dirtier than they really are. Hence their need of constant washing. The people in the picture, who are washing their buffaloes, look peculiarly happy, do they not? And so they are, for I suppose the animals are their own property; and the heart of which Indian does not rejoice to possess a few heads of cattle as his very own—the cattle which are sometimes his sole means of living and the providers of the only comforts and luxuries he possesses? And besides, the Indians have always loved their cattle. If any cruelty is shown to them at the present time, we must understand that Indian morals have deteriorated!

Editorial Notes.

Three Lamented Deaths.

For some time, death has been busy among India's great sons. It is not two months yet since India lost Mr. W. C. Banerjee, who was not only distinguished for his eminent culture, high legal attainments and moderate political views, but also for his courageous upholding of individual liberty of thought and action in the midst of an intolerant orthodoxy. Though himself a Hindu, he allowed his wife to become a Christian, and his daughter to marry a European gentleman. Every movement calculated to advance the cause of Indian women had his sympathy and commanded his liberal support. While still mourning his death, the shocking news has arrived that two more distinguished Indians have passed away. The late Mr. Badr-ud-din Tyabji held a unique position among India's public men. Though he was a member of the Mussalman community, which is supposed to be backward in modern education

A VILLAGE OIL MILL.

WASHING BUFFALOES.

and enlightenment, he still rose to be the first Indian Barrister and a strong and independent Judge of the High Court, and demonstrated by the distinction he achieved the capabilities of Mussalman intellect. He was a strenuous worker on behalf of an all-round Indian progress. He was a champion of social reform and a powerful advocate of woman's cause. Though a respected member of an orthodox section of the Mussalman community, he preached the abolition of the *purdah*, and allowed the ladies of his family much the same liberties as our European sisters enjoy. Through his exertions and influence, the ladies of his family have all attained to a high degree of culture and have had no small share in creating woman's public opinion which is the striking feature of life in Western Presidency. The advance of education among the Mussalman men as well as women of Bombay is largely due to Mr. Tyabji's enlightened leading of that community. The late Mr. A. M. Bose was also a noteworthy figure in all the spheres of Indian national life. A great scholar, a distinguished leader of political and religious thought, he was also an enthusiastic social reformer and an unfailing friend of woman's cause. In 1876, he established a school for the training of women and bore a large share of its expenses, until it was amalgamated with the now prosperous Bethune College. In these troublous times, India can ill afford to lose the sobering guidance of men like Messrs. Bannerjee, Tyabji and Bose; but now that they have been removed in the inscrutable ways of Providence, we can only pray that their spirit and example may long live in our midst, to lead us on to a higher type of national existence. On behalf of our countrywomen, we offer our heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved families.

The First Fruits of Female Education in Mysore.

The progress of female education in Mysore is indicative of what even a single earnest and enthusiastic soul can accomplish on behalf of Indian women under the liberal patronage of an enlightened administration. It was in 1880 that the first public meeting of a large number of Hindu gentlemen of Mysore was convened to discuss the question of female education and adopt the proposal of founding a school for the education of girls of the higher castes and classes. A small school was started early in 1881 with 25 pupils on the rolls and after 10 years of continued progress, it was taken over by the Government of H. H. the Maharaja. With a view to secure the co-operation of the community at large, and secure the development of the school on healthy, national lines, the Government appointed a Committee of management, which included some Pandits and Shastries, representative of the conservative forces of the country. Through the strenuous endeavours of this committee, the school became popular and was raised to the status of a High School in 1895 and was affiliated to the Madras University as a Second Grade College in 1902. Since 1889, the Institution has been under the direct control of a Lady Superintendent, a European graduate of high attainments, assisted by a Native Lady Assistant.

Besides the training necessary to qualify pupils to appear for various examinations, from the Lower Secondary to the First-in-Arts, the course of instruction includes also Drawing, Hygiene, Cookery, Needle-work, Kindergarten, Fancy Work, and Music, vocal and instrumental. Special provision is made for the education of widows. A purely oriental side is also maintained for enabling women to reach the Pandita standard. For giving instruction to elderly women who are precluded by custom from appearing in public, arrangements are made to teach them in their own homes.

The English section of the College has had the privilege of training up the first two Brahmin lady graduates of Southern India, whose success we noted in our *Magazine* at the time of the last Convocation. The Institution has exerted a great deal of influence on the Hindu community. There are at present few literate families in Mysore, in which the mother does not value the education of her daughter in a public school, for the rudimentary knowledge it imparts to her and for the qualities of discipline it enables her to acquire.

It is pleasing to note that the Institution has received unique tokens of appreciation at the hands of two distinguished members of the British Royalty. In 1889, H. R. H. the late Prince Albert Victor paid a visit to the College and expressed his satisfaction with what he saw. During the Royal Tour in February last, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales received a deputation of representatives from the School and College. An interesting account of the interview between the deputation and Her Royal Highness appeared in our *Magazine* at the time, from the pen of Srirangamma, B.A.

The success of female education in Mysore is due to the untiring efforts of Rai Bahadur Narasimha Iyengar and the liberal encouragement and large-hearted sympathy of H. H. The Maharaja's Government.

These facts are well set forth in a little publication entitled "the First Fruits of Female Education in Mysore," which contains, in addition, an account of the last Convocation so far as it concerns the two Brahmin lady graduates, the reports of the gatherings held in Madras in

their honour and some press opinions concerning them. The pamphlet contains also beautiful pictures of H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, as well as of Srirangamma, B.A., and Rukmani-amma, B.A.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

Miss H. Bose, a graduate, has been appointed Deputy Inspectress of Schools, Presidency Division, Bengal, and Miss Das, another Indian Christian graduate, is to be appointed to a similar post in the Bhagulpore Division.

—Mrs. Khamesh, a Hindu lady of Krishnagar, Ajmere District, has started a monthly, called the *Parda Nashin*, with the object of spreading education among women who observe *Parda*.

—*Palghat Ladies' Association.*—Mrs Glyn Barlow gave, on the 18th ultimo, an "At Home" to the members of the Palghat Ladies' Association. Among the items of the programme was a lecture on "Hindu Woman" by Miss Barlow; Mrs. P. P. Raman Menon gave a rendering of the lecture in Malayalam.

—The Calcutta Girls' School, which is controlled by the Christian School Society of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, is to be extended and enlarged at a cost of Rs. 54,000, and La Martiniere for Girls in Calcutta, will before long be housed in a building worthy alike of the traditions of the College and of its usefulness in the City. One lakh is to be spent in re-modelling the buildings.

—How pathetic is the appeal of Mrs. Visvanatha Aiyar at the "Ladies' Conference," held in Bombay, says the *Woman's Tribune*, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., "that the British Government abolish child-marriages in India. This it could do, she suggests, without violating its policy of religious neutrality any more than it did when making a law against Sati—the burning of widows on the funeral pyre of their husbands. Child-marriage is no more sanctioned in the Shastras than was Sati. It is to be hoped that women in England will second this timid but earnest appeal of our sisters in India trying to throw off the shackles with which priestcraft has bound them, and try to get Parliament to fix the minimum age for marriage of boys and girls at 16 and 12 respectively."

—The distribution of prizes to the pupils attending the Seven Girls' Schools of the Bombay Municipality, took place recently in the Bhangwadi Theatre in Kalbadevi Road. The chair was occupied by Khan Bahadur D. R. Chichgar. Bai Gunlabbai, Headmistress of the Kalbadevi Girls' School, read the annual report on the working of the schools, from which it appeared that the seven Municipal schools are attended by 1,030 girls belonging to the Hindu, Parsee, and Mahomedan communities. Religious instruction, instruction in music, embroidery, and so forth, were included in the course. Professor Velinker, and Rao Bahadur Dhakjee Passinathjee had rendered valuable assistance to the schools. The widow of Mr. Noor Mahomed Jairajbhoy Peerbhoy had given a sum of Rs. 150 for prizes to be distributed at the meeting. A programme of infant drill, music, and songs in Gujarati was gone through. The prizes were given and the gathering dispersed.

—A movement was set on foot recently among Parsee ladies of Bombay and is already doing good work. A number of leading Parsee ladies have associated together and formed a Society for helping their sisters of the community, who are in less favourable circumstances, not only with money, but also with their personal advice and assistance as to the means of impr ving their circumstances by putting suitable work in their way as well as other things. These ladies by turns regularly visit the poorer Parsee quarters of the city once a week and distribute aid among those who need it. The sick alone are not their care. They have opened a work-class where useful and paying work, like dress-making and knitting, is taught, and several now make an independent living through such knowledge. The members of the Association also look to the education of the poorer classes and in several instances, have put deserving children of poor parents to school.

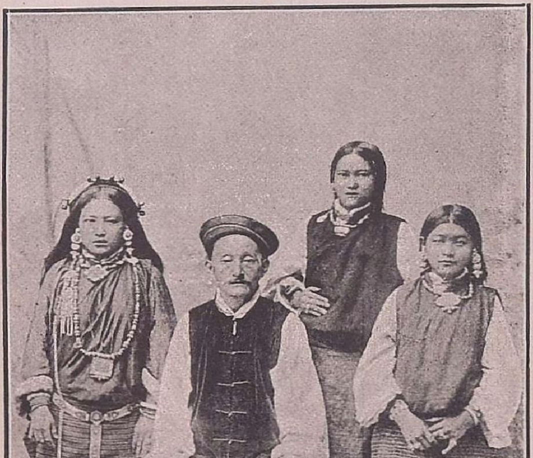
—The appeal issued by the Partab Girls' High School should, says the "Luchnow Advocate" be responded to by every friend of the cause of female education. What Sir Charles Crosthwaite's Scheme of the Women's High School failed to achieve, Mr. Winter's modest Scheme is likely to attain. The Lady Principal, a distinguished Under-graduate of the Bombay University, has the confidence of orthodox Hindu ladies, the very classes which were so much opposed to the cause of female education. It is a happy idea no doubt to attach a small boarding house to the Institution for the training of Hindu female teachers. The requirements of the Governing Council of the Partab Girls' High School are small indeed. The Hindu *Raises* of the United Provinces may well be expected to find Rs. 15,000 to make the Institution a complete success.

—A deputation, consisting of Sheik Abdulla, Secretary of the Female Education section of the Mahomedan Educational Conference, Mr. Mahomed Nasim, Sheikh Naushad Ali Khan, and Khawja Gholomul Saklain, waited on His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces early this month. Sheikh Abdulla gave a short account of the progress made by the Female Education section of the Mahomedan Educational Conference, which had collected Rs. 45,000 for the establishment of a Female Normal and Model School at Aligarh. The deputation asked Government help and co-operation in the undertaking. Sir James LaTouche, in his reply, said that the school ought to be first opened and the Government be informed of the progress made by the Institution till December next. It was probable that some aid might be given next year. During this year Rs. eightythousand had been spent as an additional grant on female education and further grants it was impossible to make owing to famine. His Government was ever ready to help every spontaneous movement on the part of the people. It would not lag behind in extending its support to a good movement.

—The Annual Report of the LaMartinere College, Lucknow, for the year ending the 31st March last, shows that good and steady work has been done in both the Boys' and Girls' schools during the twelve months. In the Government High School Examination, 20 of the Lucknow Martiniere boys were successful, the greatest number passed by any school.

TYPES OF WOMEN.

A SYRIAN LADY.



A TIBETAN FAMILY.

In the Roorkee Engineering Examination also, the Martiniere again passed the greatest number, 16, the next highest being five, by the Native College in Lahore. In the Roorkee College Upper Subordinate (Civil Engineering) Examination, the Martiniere again had the highest number of successful candidates—namely, 7, with the six highest places on the list and all the Government Scholarships. The scholastic results of the year's work in the Girls' School were no less satisfactory, and the Honorary Secretary remarks that never has the teaching staff been more able, devoted and experienced than it is to-day. There were 75 on the rolls of the Girls' School, of whom 40 were boarders. The finances of the Institution are satisfactory, a credit balance of Rs. 6,065 remaining at the end of the year.

—We understand that Mr. M. O. Parthasarathy Iyengar, the newly appointed District and Sessions Judge of Godavari, has endowed a sum of Rs. 10,000 for the Hindu Girls' School, Triplicane and has appointed Dewan Bahadur Ramaswamy Naidu, Professor M. Ranghachariar, and Mr. T. V. Seshaghiri Iyer as Trustees for the above fund, the condition of the trust endowment being that no part of the *corpus* or income of the said fund is to be utilised for the purpose of acquiring or erecting a building for the said school, but that the income arising from the said *corpus* shall be utilised for the monthly expenses connected with the school.

Her Excellency the Countess of Minto presided at the meetings of the Central Committee of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund and of the Victoria Memorial Scholarships Fund at Viceregal Lodge on the 4th instant. The formal expression of sympathy, which was telegraphed to Lord Curzon, on the death of the late Lady Curzon, was duly recorded, and, at the suggestion of the Lady President, it was decided that four scholarships of Rs. 30 *per mensem* each, tenable for five years, at Calcutta and Lahore, by female medical students, should in future be set aside and called the Lady Curzon Scholarships, to commemorate the keen interest taken by the late Lady Curzon in all affairs relating to these Funds.

—At a meeting of the Committee of the Women's Training College scheme held at Bankipore on the 23rd ultimo, the Director of Public Instruction submitted a letter from Government sanctioning the scheme for the establishment of a Training College at Bankipore. A subscription list was also submitted shewing that Rs. 720 a month for four years was already promised. Mr. Hasan Imam preferred Rs. 1,200 a year for three years on certain conditions. It was decided to have a European Lady Principal, with a Mahomedan and a Hindu lady to be respectively responsible for the general custody of the girls of each community.

News and Notes.

—The general assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, in session at Richmond, Ind., has amended its constitution so that women may be deacons.

—All jewels except diamonds are liable to maladies. Rubies, sapphires, and pearls have their separate ailments, but diamonds are immune on account of their great hardness. Precious stones are all affected by surrounding conditions.

—Janet Mckenzie Hill, author of "The Up-to-Date Waitress," is best known as editor of the "Boston Cooking School Magazine," a periodical as famous among domestic Science periodicals as the Cooking School is in its field. She is the author of "Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Dainties" and "Practical Cooking and Serving."

—Professor Deniker, a French anthropologist, remarks that whilst the stature of individuals in a people varies, their average height is fairly constant. The tallest people, so far as known—the real Brobingnagians—are the Galwegians in the South of Scotland, and the smallest—or Lilliputians—are the Akkas of Monbutto in the Central African forests.

—A famous oculist has given it as his opinion that defectiveness of sight prevails to a far greater extent amongst fair-haired people than amongst darker races. Certainly it has been remarked that one sees far more people wearing glasses in Germany and Scandinavia than in Italy, the South of France, or Spain. It is said that only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes.

—Dr. Mary K. Benedict, of the department of pedagogy at the Missouri State Normal School at Warreensburg, has accepted the presidency of a new woman's college at Amherst, Va. The institution was established by a Virginia woman, who equipped it with several buildings and left an endowment of $800,000 besides 10,000 acres of land. Miss Benedict, its first president, will be paid $3,000 a year.

—This year for the first time in the history of Tufts College, all the seniors elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society are women. The members are chosen from each succeeding class on the basis of scholarship alone. This year's members are; Sarah L. Buxton of Somerville, Eva Chandler of Barton Landing, Vt., Genevieve Cheny of New York City, Fanny M. Clement of Everett and Alice H. Edwards of Tufts College.

—Miss Josephine Foord, of New York, has been appointed by the Indian Commissioner to go to New Mexico and organize the work of pottery-making among the Pueblo Indians, in order to preserve the native excellence of their work and make it a self-supporting industry. Miss Foord, who is a practical potter, has already been carrying on the work independently with the aid of philanthropic friends, for several years, and returns to her little abode at Kaguna as a citizen of New Mexico.

—Mrs. Julia Goldzier, of Bayonne, N. J. has started petitions demanding the appointment of a force of women police. Mrs. Goldzier feels confident success will finally crown her efforts. When she wrote to the Mayor several months ago asking the appointment of women police to look after the morals of the children, the Mayor sent the communication to the council, and it was referred to the committee on health charities and correction, where it died.

—Mrs. Wilhelmina P. Fleming, curator of photographs at the Harvard observatory, has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. She is the first American woman to receive this honor. Only two other women, Lady Huggins and Miss Agnes M. Clarke, have been granted a similar distinction. Mrs. Fleming has occupied an important position in the Harvard observatory for twenty-five years, and is known throughout the astronomical world as a discoverer of stars.

—Miss Helen S. Wilmer has given $30,000 to the trustees of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, toward a new home for nurses. Miss Wilmer is a graduate of the Johns Hopkins Training School for Nurses and for several years has devoted her time to social work. It is expected that the new home will be opened for occupancy next fall. The trustees of the hospital also made arrangements with the Harriet Lane Home for Invalid Children of Baltimore for locating that instruction on the hospital grounds. The home was founded by the late Harriet Lane Johnstone of Baltimore who left about $400,000 for that purpose.

—Mrs. Ida Husted Harper has been since the death of Miss Anthony in the home of the latter at Rochester, N. Y., looking over her letters and papers for the purpose of completing her biography. The present volumes were finished in 1898, and the past eight years were among the most important of her long and interesting career. During this time she went twice to Europe, had ovations in London and Berlin and was received by Queen Victoria and the Empress of Germany. She was instrumental in opening the University of Rochester to women in 1900. Last summer she went to the Pacific coast to help inaugurate the campaign for woman suffrage in Oregon. Last February, in Baltimore, she received tributes from the presidents and professors of five of the largest women's colleges in the United States and in the world. Her life up to the last days was filled with significant events and its story would be most incomplete if these were not recorded.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Milbank Anderson of New York recently gave Barnard College $100,000 to establish a pure science course. This brings Mrs. Anderson's gifts to the college up to $3,000,000. In 1902 she paid a million for land and presented it to the college. In 1892 she gave $350,000 to erect a medical pavilion at Roosevelt Hospital. Coupled with the gifts were several provisions, one of which was that Dr. Francis Kinnicutt should have charge of it as long as he lived, and that his successor should be chosen by the medical staff of Columbia. The trustees of the hospital did not like these conditions, and Mrs. Anderson gave the money to Barnard. Large sums for various purposes were given the college by Mrs. Anderson a few years ago and Milbank hall was built by her in memory of her mother. It was due to her generosity that the public baths in New York were started, $100,000 being furnished for the purpose. Another evidence of her interest in the public good was shown by her gift of $35,000 for a public Library and $25,000 for a hospital in Greenwick, Conn.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgment for August, 1906.

		Rs.	A.
1.	Miss Aarons, Calicut	8	0
2.	Miss Aiman, Mangalore	4	0
3.	Mrs. Byramjee Pudomjee, Poona ...	4	0
4.	Mrs. Balm, Nagpur	4	0
5.	Mrs. Dutt, Agra	4	0
6.	Dilshad Begum Nawab Mirza, Bombay...	4	0
7.	Mrs. Devdhar, Poona	5	0
8.	Mrs. Freer, America ...	4	8
9.	Mrs. Gnanaprakasam, Masulipatam ...	4	0
10.	V. R. Govindurajulu, Esq., Vellore ...	4	0
11.	Lady Harnam Singh, Jullunder ...	4	0
12.	B. Hormusji, Esq., Bombay ...	4	0
13.	Miss A. Khanderao, Agra	4	0
14.	B. Krishnaiyengar Esq., Secunderabad...	4	0
15.	Mrs. D. Lazarus, Vizagapatam ...	4	0
16.	Mrs. Mettai, Calicut	4	0
17.	Mrs. Max, England	8	0
18.	Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Bombay ...	4	0
19.	Mrs. K. Mumgain, Dehra Dun ...	4	0
20.	Mrs. K. V. L. Narasimham, Madras ...	4	8
21.	A. R. Rengachari, Esq., Madras ...	2	0
22.	B. Ramaswamy Naidu, Esq., Bezwada ..	4	0
23.	The Minor Rajah of Pittapur ...	4	0
24.	A. M. Richards, Esq., Trichinopoly ...	4	0
25.	M. Rajah Rao Das, Esq., Ichapur ...	4	0
26.	The Superintendent of Government Stationery and Printing, Calcutta, for 14 schools and colleges	56	0
27.	Mrs. J. Stephens, Burma	4	0
28.	Dr. Sinnatamby, Ceylon	4	0
29.	S. Sakharam Rao, Esq., Mysore ...	4	0
30.	Miss S. Singh, America	4	8
31.	Mrs. K. Sengupta, Calcutta	4	0
32.	Secretary, Town Club, Burma ...	4	0
33.	Hon. Secy., the Indian Association of the F. M. U., Tonping ...	2	10
34.	S. Sreenivasa Rao Esq., Markapur ...	4	0
35.	Mrs. Sivasubramaniam, Vellore ...	4	0
36.	Miss Teschemacher, England ...	7	14
37.	Miss Wylie, Ludhiana	4	0
38.	Rev. E. M. Wheeler, Calcutta ...	4	0

PRESS NOTICES.

MESSRS. HARRISON & CO., BROADWAY, GEORGETOWN.

Messrs. Harrison & Co., the well-known Confectioners, of the Broadway, Georgetown, supply not only the people of Madras with ices, wedding cakes, sweets, biscuits and many sorts of confectionery, but promptly attend to country orders in every part of Southern India. A visit to their establishment is very interesting, for almond paste, chocolate and other constituents of their floral sweetmeats may be seen in the making, and visitors can satisfy themselves as to the cleanliness of the surroundings and the genuineness of the sweetmeats, which are commonly supposed to come direct from Paris. A Gramophone plays twice a week, and excellent meals are served upstairs. Ladies who are shopping in Georgetown can get a quiet cup of tea in the garden, on the terrace, where pretty trees and shrubs give a pleasant shade and chairs and tables are provided.

TAIT'S AMERICAN DIAMOND PALACE.

IMITATION DIAMONDS.

A telegram to the *Daily News*, dated Berlin, November 14th, says:—"Imitation diamonds mined in America are setting Germany by the ears. Counts, Barons, Society Queens, Colonels, Lieutenants, Teamsters, Typewriter Girls, Domestics, and Office Boys are wearing them, thus giving the average street crowd a prosperous appearance, completely at odds with the widespread financial distress now existing in this country. Dramatic and Operatic Stars are dazzling big crowds nightly with tiaras, sunbursts and necklaces of sparkling Yankee imitations. Pawn-brokers are distracted, declaring that the latest American invasion has made their business as risky as stock gambling. After having been established in Berlin for a year, the American concern which is flooding the market with imitation goods has found it necessary to open branch stores in various parts of the city. It sets the pace in newspaper advertising, consuming a page daily in the leading publications. A striking feature of these advertisements is the number of testimonials printed over the signatures of persons who are unmistakably of good position."

A Branch of theirs is to be seen at Tait's American Diamond Palace, Mount Road, Madras.

Messrs. Tait will send a lady to visit Purdah and Gosha ladies by appointment. Indian ladies who cannot go to the Diamond Palace can have a selection of jewelry brought to their homes by writing to the Manager, and asking him to send a lady at an hour convenient to themselves. This is a new departure, which our many Purdah and Gosha ladies will, no doubt, appreciate. At present many Indian gentlemen visit the Diamond Palace and select jewels for their wives and daughters; and it is believed that the Indian ladies who do not go to shops will appreciate a visit from Messrs. Tait's lady representative, who will bring with her selections from those wonderful imitation diamonds and other jewels.

THE MADRAS HINDU ASSOCIATION.

Prize Essays.

The prize of Rs. 100 announced by the Madras Hindu Association for the best essay on "Shastraic sanction for the marriage of Brahmin girls after puberty," has been awarded to Mr. M. B. Varada Aiyangar, Pleader, Kurnool. On the recommendation of the Committee, a special prize of Rs. 25 was also given to Mr. Ganga Charan Das Gupta, B. A., of the Collegiate School, Dacca, as they were of opinion that his essay also merited approval, though no special prize was announced.

Two more Prize Essays.

The Madras Hindu Association is glad to announce that it has been placed in funds by one of it members, Mr. P. R. Sundara Aiyar, of the Madras Bar, for two more essays on important subjects bear ng upon Hindu social advancement.

(1) A prize of Rs. 100 will be awarded for the best essay on "A practical scheme of schoo education for Hindu Girls."

(2) Another prize of Rs. 100 will be awarded for the best essay on "The custom of shaving Hindu widows: its origin, examination of Shastraic texts, steps to combat the evil practice."

The competition is open to all. Complete references should be given to authorities cited. The essays should be in English, legibly written or typed. The Madras Hindu Association will have the full right of publishing and translating them in any language. No essay will be returned.

All essays must reach Mr. G. A. Natesan, Joint Secretary, Esplanade, Madras, on or before the 15th November, 1906.

M. ADINARAYANIAH,
M. RANGACHARYA,
V. KRISHNASWAMY AIYAR,
G. A. NATESAN, *Secretaries.*

1st September, 1906.

J. ELIAS & CO.,

LACE MANUFACTURERS, QUILON, TRAVANCORE, SOUTH INDIA.

We beg to announce to our respected patrons and to all esteemed and enlightened ladies that we have greatly enhanced our business and that a large stock of our "Quilon Hand-made" Laces and Insertions, Lace-Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchief-borders, Scarf-ties, D'oyleys, &c., of varied neat, pretty and exquisite workmanship, is being turned out, and that every order received from our esteemed constituents shall have ready and prompt execution and that our business methods and prices are such as to ensure complete satisfaction.

We also deal in Grass-methai, Screwpine and palm mats and Ladies' Hand-made rush work baskets of very beautiful varieties, prices of which can be had on application.

Trial orders very respectfully solicited.

BRAHMO GIRLS' SCHOOL,

294, UPPER CIRCULAR ROAD, CALCUTTA,

UNDER THE CHARGE OF

A MANAGING COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ,

AND

Under the direct control and supervision of a Ladies' Committee.

The school is recognised by the Calcutta University and pupils are prepared up to the Entrance Standard by lady graduates and under-graduates.

The teaching staff consists of lady teachers. Kindergarten department is under a trained mistress.

Music, drawing, and needlework are taught. An European resident lady teacher is kept for teaching English to the junior classes and helping the boarders in English conversation.

A training class for pupil teachers is attached to the school.

A pundit is kept for Sanskrit. Bengali or Sanskrit may be taken as the second language.

Moral training classes and lectures on deportment are provided for.

Religious instructions are given to Brahmo girls only.

TERMS PER MONTH.

	RS.	A.	P.
School Department.			
Boarders	10	8	0
Day pupils	2	0	0
Day pupils for the Entrance Class	3	0	0
Training School.			
Boarders	8	0	0
Day pupils	3	0	0

EXTRAS.

(Optional).

Dhobi	1	0	0
Special Classes in Music, English	4	0	0
,, ,, ,, Indian	4	0	0
,, ,, ,, Vocal do.	4	0	0
Special Conversational Class in English	4	0	0

HOLIDAYS.

Hot Weather	6 weeks.
Pujas	10 days.
Christmas	1 week.
Magotshab	15 days.

The school will be closed during the hot weather holidays.

RULES.

1. Applications to be made to the Lady Principal, Brahmo Girls' School, 294, Upper Circular Road (accompanied by a letter of introduction).
2. Prospectus and forms of application and rules to be obtained from Mrs. P. K. Ray, Hon. Secy., Ladies' Committee, 7, Ballygunge Circular Road.
3. All school fees are payable in advance.
4. Admission fee Re. 1 for day pupils and Rs. 4 for boarders.
5. Boys under 8 are admitted in the Kindergarten department, but must be removed on the completion of the 8th year.
6. A month's notice is necessary for withdrawing a pupil.
7. Boarders under 6 are not admitted.
8. Each pupil must conform to the rules of the school.
9. Omnibus will be provided for day pupils within a reasonable distance.

MESSRS. SIMON & CO.,

MEDALLISTS,

Manufacturing Confectioners, Glaciers, Caterers and Bakers,

27, MOUNT ROAD.

Beg to announce that they always have an extensive and varied Assortment of Cakes, Sweets, Ices, etc. Wedding cakes of exquisite decoration made to order.

Only the most reliable Ingredients from Europe are used by them and their Confectionery is absolutely genuine and wholesome, and of exquisite flavour.

They catered for His Excellency the Governor of Madras during his visit to Bellary, Kamalapure, Nellore, Bezwada, and Rajahmundry; His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore; His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram.

Their bakery is worked on the most approved style and on the modern sanitary principles.

Holders of high Testimonials.

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TARA.
By Ravi Varma.